

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LVIII.

JULY, 1861.

No. 1.

ITALIA LIBERA.

A N O D E:

INSCRIBED TO HON. GEORGE P. MARSH, FIRST UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ITALY.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

With what enchantment glow
The mountain peaks of snow
And the blue waters of that Southern sea,
Whose dallying arms inclose
The beauty and the woes
That lure our restless hearts to Italy!

The mystery of Time,
With interlude sublime,
Steals through the murmur of the passing day;
Memorials of the Past
A pensive challenge cast
And from familiar bounds win thought away;

While Music's pulses beat
To guide the willing feet
Where gifted spirits limitless aspire;
And all the muses wait
Our life to consecrate
And bid the soul expand with vast desire:

RAPHAEL's angelic child,
SALVATOR's forest wild,
The sun-set's golden mist CLAUDE's pencil caught

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Brave MICHAEL's forms sublime,
That adamant rhyme
The Tuscan bard from love and sorrow wrought;

PETRARCH's love-rounded lays,
And TASSO's tear-gemmed bays,
The marble wonder of Rome's saintly pile;
BELLINI's plaintive strain,
MARENGO's storied grain,
Kindle the fancy and the heart beguile.

Nor less does Nature woo,
With ravishment imbue
The elemental grace her aspect fills;
What azure seems to brood
Above, in tender mood,
While glimmering sun-shine laughs upon the hills!

The sky, at evening, glows
With amber, pearl and rose,
As if to pave with gems a seraph's walk;
Twilight's soft breath endears,
And melts in grateful tears
On the flax-blossom and the aloe's stalk:

Vineyards serenely crest
The hoar volcano's breast,
And orbs of flame through darksome foliage gleam;
Umbrageous Apennine,
And lakes of crystalline
Invoke the limner's touch, the poet's dream.

The chestnut plumes uplift,
And violet odors drift,
As winds from vale to upland gently pass,
The cypress shafts to sway,
Sigh through the olives gray,
And almond flowers scatter on the grass.

Yet soon our rapture flies,
The sweet illusion dies
When human scenes call back the pilgrim's glance;
And the degraded land
Beneath oppression's brand
Reproachful mocks his visionary trance.

The glory of the Past
A shadow seems to cast
And living charms allegiance to defy:

No beauty can elate,
No genius consecrate
The air whose echoes waft the captive's sigh.

Through Freedom's long eclipse
Mute are inspired lips,
And life a tortured vigil to the brave ;
For they who do and dare,
The patriot's fate must share —
Scaffold and rack, the dungeon and the grave !

'She is not dead, but sleeps,
Though slow the life-blood creeps
Through veins benumbed with anguish, not despair ;
Invaders yet shall fly,
The despot and the spy,
And brutal priestcraft tremble in its lair !'

Thus have thy lovers cried
When skeptics, in their pride,
Would own no promise in the baffled zeal
That pined in Spielberg's gloom
And braved the martyr's doom,
Or patient bore the pangs thy exiles feel.

And now a King benign
By Love's own right divine,
His father's fallen sceptre takes with awe ;
And wields it to obey
The humanizing sway
That dedicates a race to Liberty and Law :

With him a Statesman wise,
Whose liberal mind defies
The narrow feuds that severed states control ;
And strives, from mount to sea,
Inviolable and free,
To wake and harmonize a nation's soul !

And when the arms of Gaul
Unloosed the Austrian thrall,
And Victor's banner cheered the Lombard plain ;
It floated wide and free
Along the Tuscan sea,
And bade Val d'Arno's lilies bloom again !

Then to the Patriot King
CASTRUCCIO's sword they bring,
And Faction's ancient trophies all divide :

And throngs, with festal rite,
Seek the far mountain height,
To chant FERUCCIO's glory where he died.*

Another champion now
Lifts his unsullied brow,
Whose wisdom chastens the intrepid eyes;
And with fraternal mien,
And confidence serene,
And dauntless valor, tyranny defies!

His firm Ligurian mould,
Warm, trustful, frank and bold
With years of peace and peril on the deep;
Nerved arm and chartered brain,
Battle and faith to gain,
And from their thrones the recreant princes sweep.

And when his prowess found
At home no vantage-ground,
He sought afar the struggling free to aid;
And trained his legions there,
To wait, achieve and bear,
Until the signal came for Italy's crusade.

Then like a star he rose,
Portentous to her foes,
Whose rallying beams electric courage spread;
And when Novara's day
Had ended in dismay,
In triumph unto Rome the patriots led.

Oft from her ancient gate,
Oblivious of fate,
His eager cohorts, when the bugles call,
Rush on the cannon flame,
And victory proclaim,
As, at their bayonets' gleam, the gunners fall!

When triple hosts surround
That liberated ground,
And Freedom's hopes in wanton treachery fade:

* ON the occasion of VICTOR EMMANUEL's visit to Tuscany, at the Villa Puccini, in Pistoja, NICCOLO PUCCINI, the hereditary representative of the family, and a brave and liberal cavalier, presented to the 'First Soldier of Italian Independence,' the celebrated sword of CASTRUCCIO CASTRACANI, long reserved by its owner for such a disposition. At about the same time, a deputation of Genoese restored, with great ceremony, to Pisa, the chains of her Gate, which the once great maritime republic had borne off as a trophy, during the mediæval wars, from her hated rival. In the autumn of 1848, after the successful revolution in Tuscany, a festival was given at Cavinana, a little town nestled among the Apennines, in memory of FERUCCIO, on the very spot where, tradition says, he perished or his country, three centuries ago.

With what heroic pride,
His loved one at his side,
Rides forth the Chief unconquered though betrayed!

Hunted, proscribed, bereft,
With naught but Honor left,
A wanderer — noble in his lowly toil;
He watched with passive might,
Prompt to renew the fight,
And lead the van upon his native soil.

Down from their rocky scalps,
His hunters of the Alps
Rush, like a torrent, at the onset's peal;
And Como's *sbirri* run,
Varese's day is won,
Imperial squadrons fly their charging steel!

Lo! on a summer day,
Around Marsala's bay,
Uprose his war-cry through the welkin clear;
Sicilia's outraged isle
Is kindled by his smile,
And rallies to the strife with GARIBALDI near!

How shrunk the craven horde,
As flashed his waving sword,
And onward with his gallant band he sped!
Women their jewels flung,
Children around him clung,
But royal myrmidons in terror fled!

From vine and cactus hedge,
From orange-grove and sedge,
The dews of May exhaled their fragrant breath;
Old Etna smoke-wreaths cast
Upon the rising blast,
That heralded her sons to liberty or death!

Palermo's golden shell
Echoed her tyrant's knell,
In the freed captive's shout, the people's cheer;
And saw her champion kneel,
Upon his cheek to feel,
A dying comrade's sacrificial tear!

Across the Faro's tide
His braves at midnight glide,
And Freedom's watch-fires light Calabria's shore:

Swift his victorious way,
Salerno ends the fray,
Parthenope is reached — the struggle o'er.

For Liberty's pure flame,
Shrined in a crystal name,
Such peaceful triumphs to his country brings ;
Wins love that discords heal,
From brothers steadfast zeal,
And fleets and armies from apostate kings.

His deeds afresh shall crown
Volturno with renown,
Where stood the despot's hirelings at bay ;
And fiercely braved his might,
In long and valiant fight,
Where HANNIBAL of yore led War's array.

No retinue attends,
Nor pomp allurements lends,
The patriot's mission and the victor's palm ;
But the resistless grace
Of manhood's pristine race,
Benignant, simple, valorous and calm !

And Roman hearts now burn,
To hail thy blest return,
Before whose face the cruel bigots flee ;
While with unfaltering mien,
The Adriatic Queen
Uplifts her fettered hands to God and thee !

Free be the land whose breast
Doth welcome every guest,
Who, worn and weary with insensate strife,
Seeks the maternal fold
Humanity of old,
The garner made for our propitious life !

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

ON FANCY WORK.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THERE are certain families and family circles in which those members who belong to the Muslin Denomination are always flying in a mass into some new thing, which for a time absorbs all their love. Some occupation, some accomplishment, some grand effect to be produced by a small outlay, something calling for ingenuity, and bringing the whole party into amiable rivalry.

Winter before last, it was painting Etruscan vases. That was *our* affinity. All sorts of patterns of plain red earthen-ware were hunted out of the finest art books, copied and baked to order at the pottery. Then Amelia and Nella and all our inmates were 'provided for.' Such a drawing of priestesses and warriors, altars, ram-skulls, wheels and other mysterious whirligigs was never seen since the days of the Roman lotteries. Such a tracing of bands and fillets and borders is seldom found winding about any domestic circle. Then came the laying on of black paint to fill up all the spaces; and so festively interested were they all in their work, that I got credit for saying a very good thing, just because I forgetfully asked Nella if she was n't drawing the portraits of the heathen who walked in Darkness? All the vacant corners and every place where a bracket could be properly hung, was vased off in style with articles which continually reminded me of a Sioux in his war-paint, on some occasion when he intended to become unusually destructive and unnatural, and only left a few patches of native earthly red showing through his lamp-black.

The house being well crockered, and all our friends supplied with the surplus *rouge et noir* pottery, the entire feminine conventicle, inspired by our literary friend Bart Evermore, sailed hopefully into the German Ocean of literature. I recall the flourishing and pipey time of that Ger-mania very much as one would a strong night-mare in a marble factory while the saws were under full steam. To be sure, I had full liberty to lie back in the grand old nest of my arm-chair and smoke, and as I came about that time under a crimson velvet cap, and fitted myself to a lordly meerscham, why, the *Deutsch* did n't hurt so badly as it might have done. Nella, knowing every thing, had n't any thing to learn; but then she had a great deal to dispute, and no wonder, since she and Bart favored entirely different systems of teaching, pronouncing and so-forth. Hoping to settle all this harmoniously, I tried to arrange it by privately inviting two German gentlemen to drop in some class-evening. But it turned out that one came from Vienna and the other from Holstein, and *they* differed still worse, and much more warmly, and that not only on language, but on all other subjects. Not to be too elaborate, I may mention that among these little differences of opinion were the questions whether there were a God, whether

there ought to be Zollverein, whether a Red Republic or a despotism was the most agreeable and beneficial arrangement, whether meat ought to be eaten raw or cooked, whether the grape-cure or the sauer-kroust cure was best for restoring a hydro-sulphureted moral condition, whether self-consciousness was a develope or an envelope, and finally, whether each other was a fool—a point toward which, as I have observed, most differences of opinion ultimately tend if only kept up longly and strongly enough. Now, as the dispute about pronouncing OE and UE of course involved a settlement of all these small points, it will be clearly understood that the argument being conducted in German, was, if not lovely, at least lively, and that it finally ‘sounded up’ as loudly as a *duet de tom-cats*. I subsequently learned that both the gentlemen had while young, under a strong pressure of Elective Affinities, eloped with the other’s wife. As each was extremely glad to get rid of his own dame, one would think that this would have caused rather a friendly feeling between them. But though—being noble—they were too well bred to let such a trifle influence their mutual feelings, it still had caused something like a State of Mind between them, and that not the very turtle-doviest either. In fact, they rasped out ‘the sweet German accent’ at such a rate that I really believe that I saw the words pouring onward like a river of meat-axes filled in with fish-hooks. And I have ever understood from that time fourth and fifth, consecutively, why it is that German, as printed, requires such uncommonly broken-edged letters—and by way of corollary, how it comes that Italian runs naturally into such smooth, silvery-shaped type as the *Italic*. Where the music would have ended, I can’t say, had not Bart, with immense presence of mind, struck up a thundering waltz on the piano, while Nellie whirled the Herr von Meyerhuberli away in a dance before he knew what he was about. And just then a great bowl of bishop being brought in, peace was joyfully restored.

From this dance forth the nut-cracker language was pursued on more moderate terms; the most audible results being an increase in the number of German ballads sung by Nelly, and dolefully imitated by Sam and Hiram. After which there came in due time the Leather Work Mania.

The first warning which I had of this new flyer was the discovery of a whole side of leather, of the reduced or skiver sect, in our parlor, looking quite as in-placy as a Protestant pig in a Catholic pulpit. And while feasting mine eyes on this quaint apparition, they were furthermore amazed by discovering near at hand a bag of marbles, a pot of glue, a roll of wire, with steel punches, hickory sticks, iron bodkins, and copal and mastic varnish; not to mention several dozens of old gloves, looking like the dirty and faded memories of extinct parties, exploded balls and deceased operas. Though not one of your smart sort, I have a memory, and saw in many of the reduced ‘hand-shoes’ before me, as in a diary of daguerreotypied evenings, many a forgotten trifle of the olden time several months ago. That lilac pair, with black lines down the back—*piquée*, so the French girl in at Brue’s told me to call ‘em—there’s a green stain on the thumb—got that fighting for a bouquet—they stuck in the rack and of course were generally pulled to pieces—good old plan that, and rather exciting. However, I made out to give black-eyed Lily Nightingale

Vertnon two camelias, and wished they 'd been the whole Garden of Paradise for her to sing in.

And the violet gloves! They got that ruined complexion from being twisted so tightly in Mrs. Berdona's hair. Do n't start, Ma'am—my hands were n't in them at the time. Splendid rivers of crow's wings light; threads of black glory—angel-deviltry in every braid. That's the lady. Fine woman—all hair and eyes and shoulders and cloudy, puffy French dress. Lives for her hair—aided by mousey feet and weeny hands. Has it fall down very often, and is not indisposed to receive assistance in putting it up. Relates anecdotes of celebrated heads of hair—of the Duchess de Krauselvig of Saxony, whose blonde locks were so beautiful that she always had her portrait taken with her back to the beholder; and when intimate, will tell of the beautiful Chevreuse of Paris, who once went to a masked-ball of the opera with nothing on but her black locks let down loose, yet so abundant were they, reaching to her feet, that none suspected that she was not clad in a domino; and she appeared on the whole to be the most modest person present. You see by this that Mrs. Berdona is slightly fast and brassed. Has been known to ask a young lady if her braids were real, with four indignant aunts and a lover sitting around. Well, one evening in a small party, she told an interesting story, how a French hair-dresser—man of wonderful genius—was called in by Queen Somebody to dress hair. Had nothing to do it with—no flowers, no ribbons, no 'nothing except nothing.' Drew back one instant in profound thought—

(Mrs. B—— does this 'profound thought,' part of the story, uncommonly well with her eyes and shoulders. Throws her dark Diavoline locks back with two fingers, gives the two splendid bracelets a rattle *à la* Forrest's sword-handle——)

'Drew back—when suddenly his eye fell on a pair of gloves.'

Unfortunately for me, who had n't an extra pair in my pocket, Mrs. B——'s eye, just at this period of her tale, fell on mine.

'Ah! Madame, I have it. You shall be *coiffée à la Chevalière*. Was there not a lady—Jehanne de Quelquechose—of your own royal lineage, who gathered up the gloves, the pledges of something or other which had been thrown at her by knights—and wore them on her helmet? I will adorn your regal head with these.' And, continued Mrs. B——, 'he actually did entwine the gloves so gracefully with her locks—she had magnificent hair by the way—that the style became All the Rage.'

'I wonder how 't would look?' quoth that villain Hiram innocently.

'I *think*,' said Mrs. Berdona, still more innocently, 'that I could show you how. Who will lend me a pair of gloves?'

(Just as if she had n't practised the thing at home dozens of times!)

Of course mine went in. I did n't regret them. Of course down came the 'ringlets.' Of course her little white hands did n't look badly, twisting the great ebony braids—or the fat white arms as they rose and fell—and maybe the whole operation did n't produce a Sensation! And when it was over, who so pretty and jaunty and saucy and triumphant and original and naughty as Mrs. Berdona!

'How *can* you do it; how *did* you do it; *how* ingenious! *how* charming!'

I'm not one of your cute sort, but *I* knew 'how she did it.' How she has been doing it, and not un-brownly either, these ten years, all the way from 'tother side of Jordan to this side of the Pacific. That's *her* fancy work.

I had begun to think, O reader! that I had digressed rather extravagantly from my original subject. But on second thought, I find that I'm nearer to it than I thought. In fact, if we come to facts, it's hard to really get away from it. Deuce take it all — what is life but one great series of fancy-workings and weavings? Something to do, something to be done, to bring out our art, our manufacturing abilities, our education, our superiority. Like the trees of the forest, like the plants of the fields and gardens, we strive and thrive, dear heart, to develope something pleasant and fine — to bring forth and show blossoms as well as leaves, and throw perfume to the butterflies and bees, and mingle with the life of the rain and of the night and the sun-shine and the breeze. We rest in cool shadow on dewy, Sabbath, sun-light mornings, when, as we believe, the striving and contriving is in repose, but it is not dead nor sleepeth — only waiting in eye-wide-opened silence for the storm-bustle and gardener and wood-man. Some of us work it out bravely and neatly, as Nella painted her great Etruscan vase, which is a real triumph of beauty; some vainly and selfishly but jollily withal, as Mrs. Berdona *crochets* her whole life and her whole self. I wonder if she'll ever get tired of herself and wish she could get a fresh amusement? Will she? While the dark hair is ungrayed, while the shoulders are snow-blank and round and full of life, while the eyes are so pensive for herself and expensive and expansive for others, while she can flatter and flutter, while she is a queen of dress and address, while her hands are weeny and winning, while she can keep age and its damage from her visage to advantage, great will be her name among the heathen, whether in Washington or New-Orleans, at Philadelphia Batchelors' Balls or New-York crams. That's *her* leather-work. Verily, there is nothing like leather!

I like Mrs. Berdona — something, to tell the truth, as I like a good-natured, jolly ballet-girl — simply because she's so much hated by the 'unco good,' and by those who undertake to read out of the pale of recognition every thing and every body not squaring exactly with *their* precious views. I like to see the poor venomous ignoramuses giving the jolly, naughty black-haired rip of a soul their choicest Puri-tan-yard grins — wishing from the very lowest mud of their hearts that they could drive her in disgrace and Godiva her into some outer darkness. Tell the truth now, Miss Batteram, *would n't* you like to see 'that creature' tarred and feathered, or otherwise be-fowed and carried ignominiously shrieking outside of society into the wilderness inhabited by Aztecs, Digger Indians, Dutch Uncles, Bohemians, Nigger Minstrels, Caffirs, Actors, Gamblers, Musicians and similar horrors? *Do n't* say you would n't now. Please do n't. For, four or five hundred years ago, young ladies — quite as respectable and as pious as yourself — when they 'detested' any body as much as you detest Berdona, were in the habit, when they had the power, of 'taking 'that horrid creature' and treating her to something much worse than tar and feathers — yes, even to a scorching, blistered, hot-ironed skin from

head to foot. Do n't be angry, my dear ; but secret history shows that such things took place very frequently when people 'of standing' — even ladies — had their own sweet way in every thing, treating one another occasionally to sharp and searing torture for no better reason than that they 'could n't bear the sight of her.' As is still done by many a Begum in the East.

Now, *do n't* again be disgusted, and go to imagining that *you* are too good for any such horrors. You're nothing of the kind. If you only had the *power*, Ma'am, you and your like, who undertake to socially ban and brand every thing and every body out of your narrow circle — you'd find that the road from fault-finding to slandering, and from slandering to racking, faying and slaying is soon travelled. You do n't *know* it, but every time you express dislike of a human being, who does no particular *harm* to any body, you show the seed of an Upas which only requires opportunity to spring up into rank luxuriance. And such seeds, I observe, abound far more in narrow, rigid exclusive, Puritanical hearts than in those genial cosmopolite ones which in the broad sun-shine of the world and of life have cast out their poison germs and developed flowers of rich fragrance and glorious beauty.

Observe what I say. This world has seen ten times as much devilish cruelty inflicted in the name of Propriety, and in enforcing creeds and laws of etiquette on those unfitted by nature to receive them than was ever imagined by — other persons. You say that the World hardens the heart. My dear, you — err ! Men of the world, belles of society, people who tumble about from Wall-street to Washington and the Tuileries, skimming through every thing that is afloat, people fashionable, yea, and people Frenchified, have, as a general rule, far kinder hearts, more generous dispositions and tenderer feelings than those who Pharisaically pity or proscribe them.

This is *my* fancy work, such as it is. Every Body has his own peculiar pattern to work out wherever action exists. Some creatures shaping pearly shells beneath Indian waves : some hardening blood-red coral into quaint and graceful forms than man can carve from their fragments, some rounding pendent nests to sway from apple-boughs, harmonious in motion with blossom-hues and perfumes and dark-green rustling leaves and ripening fruit ; some soaring in furlong curves on broad white wings over the roaring surge, gleaming afar like snow-flakes wild-driven by the wind ; some trumpeting through the long summer day over a thousand flowery fields in honey-hunts ; some drawing bouquet and foliage-cornered lines through the air as they flit in gayly-colored flight from flower to flower ; some shedding the old skin and growing fresh green and golden glories of deadly beauty as they *whisp* in gracefulest lines through the wet grass ; some singing all through the warm nights with tireless joy ; some joyously coquetting with their brown russet doe-loves in leafy brakes, and others with their blanche lady-loves in city homes ; some dancing and promenading and flirting with La Berdona through life ; some making of themselves Don Magnificos to illustrate 'style' after the manner of magnificent turkey-cocks ; some showing us the mould of fashion and the glass of form according to the latest Paris patterns ; some working *crochét*, or playing pianos, or netting

and beading *resilles*, or embroidering skirts, or painting pictures, or writing poetry — or repeating it — or playing fiddles.

In short, Nature sets us the example, and every where do we see Natural People take after her in working out, according to their peculiar style, the Beautiful, or not to be too intense — the Fanciful. Call it whatever you please, my precious dear, I mean to say, that whatever creature passes through this life without taking part or share in such works, or without directly or indirectly aiding and promoting them, flies in the face of nature, or at least degrades himself down to those sub-level creations, whose use seems to be to make better things seem pleasanter by contrast with them. What, when even a bloated spider spins a web whose graceful proportions as it vibrates, dew-sparkled in the breeze, make the children admire it; do you think that *you* can claim to have done your duty when you have grunted your whole life long at such nonsense? What has *your* fancy-work been? A scarcely organized action; plodding work without a sympathy for beauty or true pleasure; a mere preparation of the soil in which flowers are to grow. Sir, poets have compared your like to a great spider, but they did the fly-catcher injustice.

I'm not sure that Nature herself does n't indulge in human fancy-work when she creates a Mrs. Berdona. Most of her immortal productions are in the regular line of useful manufactures. The man who makes and sells a watch is, in the main, very much of a watch himself; while a boot-maker is among men decidedly just such a solid, steady-going article as a boot. He may pinch and squeak a little while new — I mean young — but, in the long run, boot will show itself. I've heard of a Detective who could tell any man's trade by his eyes. Sir, it is not unlikely that such a detective has been, or is. If such there be, he would, after a good look into La Berdona's black sparkling stars, exclaim: 'Fancy-work!' Are not all such peculiar semi-Bohemian independent mysterisses of themselves and their fortunes, rather of the lily-of-the-field and puzzling-amusement order of humanity? There is a kind of woman as of man of whom you may know every thing and every action from infancy to death, and yet they will always remain strange and mysterious to you. If you lost sight of one of them for one single minute in the year, you would be perplexed with the idea, that during *that* minute your ward had flitted off into infinite space, and established some dark affinity, become complicated in some strange nameless crime, or eaten of strange food, which gave the power of understanding many things which were unmeaning sounds to *you*. Some people give us this idea in a high and intellectual manner. Nella Seton is one of these. Others in a worldly, sensual, frivolous way, like Berdona. But the one and the other are marked and signed from infancy to live in their heart of hearts *alone*. They may go through life, loving or loveless — doing nothing but good or nothing but dancing, the one heart-full and the other heart-less — they will not, for all that, shake away the birth-mark sealed on their foreheads, which none but their angels understand. They are peculiar, and after the one fashion or the other must tread a peculiar path.

I know very well who Mrs. Berdona's parents were. She's connected with

many Very Respectable people all the way from the Hub to the Crescent. I know how much her husband left her. But neither I nor you, nor Any body, has any idea of her being any thing at all like her family. Where did she get that vagabond Arab travelling way, that pernicious fastness, that jolly selfishness, those hordes of half-and-half sort of acquaintances, who prowl or shoot darkly about in the twilight of Outsider-ism, which gradually darkens into Disreputability?

Old Mr. Bavardan remembers that her mother was so fond of music. There was some scandal — let me see — twenty-eight years ago, about her mother and a handsome tenor-singer out in Paris. A duel, I believe. It made a great deal of talk, and —

Yes, and Mrs. Berdona is just *twenty-seven*. I see now how that strange little dark bird came in among the great, delicate, plump snow-geese of the Welldomen family. That explains a great deal of fancy-work in some characters. No wonder that they grow up strangely, and never find themselves at home! But this does n't explain every thing. It does n't *begin* to explain Nella, who is her father's and mother's own daughter, if there ever was one. The dear soul! Proud as an eagle, as Lucifer; wild in some moods as a North-Wester, caring not one straw — not one grain of dust — for a thousand things which the world quakes at; she is a girl who seems to me to have got a peep in through some old forgotten door down into the great roaring inferno of eternity — just as Alice does in the Opera — and looked at it, unscared, until she found out that the flames could only scorch vile people, *mean* people, all who are selfish, ungrateful, lying, cheating, tricky, cruel, false, sour, hard, canting, ever-condemning, displeasing, Pharisaical, martyr-ing, and the *devouring* or swallowing *into self*, be it by vanity, or any other vice. And having found that to those who were none of these, the flames were softly caressing, giving only the pleasant thrill of Paradise, yea, a delicious bath of all raptures, she had in no wise feared to often purify her soul by passing through them. So she had gathered up all the strange and forbidden knowledge of all times, learned in a thousand mysterious ways, (there's always a way to a will,) every thing which people are particularly anxious that nobody should know except themselves; dark secrets of passion and wrong, and against this had accumulated all bright and beautiful things; a study and love of art in every form, and of all that is winning and consoling in nature, and in the delicate shrine of humanity. A hatred of oppression and a love of knowledge and of pleasure kept her darker strength hidden. Ah! every stone, good or bad, which she added to the pyramid, only lifted her above human comprehension and loving sympathy. Alone, ever alone!

And such a jolly, rollicking, dashing good-nature as hid it all! Such an exuberance of flowers and vineyards and sweet sunny fields as covered that secret Mount of Fire! I could only *guess*, as I gradually grew more intelligent and less what I *had* been, under her influence, at the secret caverns deep amid old gray rocks, in whose recesses gleamed and murmured volcanic flames; where quaint and beautiful images of a long-forgotten faith were still silently worshipped. Where did it all come from?

From a mind singularly stimulated by illness in early life into nervousness and precocity. From a strange exposure to alternate tenderness and cruelty; to both good and bad influences in girlhood. From strength tempered by susceptibility, and from a loving nature familiarized with devilish and Puritanical fault-finding to such an extent as to loathe and avoid it ever after. From taking refuge in early sorrows in reading, and from an almost complete issuing into life and its joys and into freedom, before the character was fully formed. Something due too to some old hereditary traits cropping out; something to a familiarity with both skeptical and pious influences. But nearly all, after all, to the torment and needless vexation and worry and flurry of soul which a sensitive young mind may encounter in one current of constant agony, in thousands of good steady families where 'no expense is spared in the education,' and where no shadow of a troubled conscience ever intrudes. Such was Nelly: a piece of Nature's fancy-work, which the Rev. Jonadab Quodfish would have pronounced — could he have seen it all through — the very elaboration of the devil himself, but which to *me*, in its sparkling lights and strange shadows, seemed rather something of a quite opposite nature. But what business has a blinded heathen like *me* to judge of such things? But of one thing I am certain. I see that we live in an age where the cruel influences which made a Nella, which tortured her into what she is, are yielding very slowly; while, on the other hand, a vast flood of *knowledge* of all kinds is pouring freely toward the young, to girls as well as boys. All will not turn out Nellas. Knowledge poured into intelligent minds taught to believe that whatever is, is *wrong*, will result in sensuality without beauty, selfishness without wisdom, conceit without pride, or pride without strength, after which comes evil-mindedness, deceit, timidity, harshness, affectation, and all the devil's own brood of ugly, morbid things. Instead of loving what is healthy and *natural*, such girls will shiver at a plain honest phrase or thought, as though an ice-blast of vulgarity had struck them, and cower back into the warm opiate bath of 'romantic,' 'passional,' 'highly-wrought,' and glowing poison, until the world as it is, seems only a torture-house for selfish organizations, too susceptible to the Beautiful. Thus endeth the first lesson.

The next domestic fancy-work which riveted our souls, and secured us permanent boarding in the establishment kept by Peace and Industry, was Potichomania, of which word, by the way, let me say in brackets, (or bracketically,) that it was once put to strange purpose by a lady-friend of mine when, speaking of a man who had been drinking not wisely and a great deal too well, she said, that he had had an attack of *potichomania*! Which was not so far from *mania à potu*, after all, considering the number of queer figures and odd beasts which both the patient performer and the patient sufferer encounter to a perfectly men-agerial extent, during the course of their labors and endurances.

When the potichomania first visited us it came in the form of a small Dutch-shaped pink-glass vase, (or *vaws*, as a neighbor of ours calls it,) which Vaws had burst out into a cloud of creeping and crawling insects, embracing, so far as I could observe, barn-yard beetles, squash-bugs, green spiders, measuring-worms, water-wigglers, cock-roaches, chinchies, Croton-crawlers, slugs, hop-

pricklers, ear-wigs, centipedes, blue-tail flies, green-headers, gallinippers, yellow-jackets, mud-wasps, devil's-needles, and a great number of smaller specks, intended, I suppose, to represent the animal-coolies who wait on the Man-darin' big-bugs before named. This fascinating collection of insectarian zeal was at once gathered round by all the ladies, who proceeded to admire it as loudly as a two-cent daily paper does the last speech of its favorite candidate; the peals of applause consisting of cries of 'How natural! how *perfectly* natural! as natural as *life*!' these being intermingled, I must admit, with an occasional 'u, 'u, 'ugh! the *horrid* creatures!' Which would have been heightened somewhat if the aviary in question could have burst loose and come out alive on the party, very few of whom could, in such an event, have by any possibility survived till tea-time. The next day saw on the great work-table in the library seventeen rival glass jars, and divers colored powders, brushes, gums and chemicals, not to mention sheets of paper, exhibiting insects, flowers, Cupids, Venuses and similar fireworks in the confusest profusion, all ready to be cut out and converted into imitation China-ware with punctuality, promptness, neatness and dispatch.

The amount of labor expended by all of us in the Cutting-Out Department alone, during the more irrepressible days of that pot-o-what-a-mania, would, if properly expended, have kept a first-class tailor's shop going for six months; have enabled an enterprising man to supplant twenty-five favored rivals in the hearts of as many coquettes; or have made the reputation of any naval captain during the times of blockades. Great was the joy which prevailed, many were the pink and blue 'potashes,' as the servants called them, which were sent as gifts to friends. The manufacture, however, finally received a check from two causes. One of these was a suggestion timidly played by Sam whether the imitation article ought not to be superior to the original China, seeing that, all things being considered, *it cost more!* The second was a casual remark from Amelia, who, wishing to describe a very flaunty young woman whom she had seen at a concert, declared that she had n't any *real style*, only a sort of *potichomania style*, you know!

That word settled the business. Not only was the trade relinquished, and the good-will and fixtures, including a pair of scissors, a pane of plate-glass, and a pen-knife for cutting, handed over to Miss Trebleton, a youthful friend, but from that time forth 'a potichomania style' become the deadliest condemnation of all that was would-be-fine, would-be-fashionable, would-be-expensive-looking, and would-be what it was n't. It passed over to cat-skin ermines, imitation-lace, oreide jewelry, cotton-velvet, paste diamonds, Coventry Patmore and Firequeer Tupper. It was applied to gentlemen who in preaching, in manners, in language, or in dress, imitated any well-known character who had built up a fort of his own. It characterized the genteel outside elegants who always give up their seats to ladies, but who sit cross-legged with their feet raised a cubit or so, in the Fourth Avenue cars. It was the woorara-tipped arrow which was shot into common-place, ignorant and unrefined but 'very ambitious' women who passed life in trying to achieve fashionable positions which they couldn't maintain after they had achieved them. It was found to

fit men of small genius, coarse vices and morbid affectations, who hinted themselves up in every way as being much more valuable and genius-full than they really were, and it was suspected of being applicable to all persons who assume that their individual sufferings give them the right to be very unpleasant, melodramatic, intemperate, unclean, and hand-shakingly intrusive; concerning which latter shams, there are few persons who know less than half-a-dozen of this or that species. All of which falsely-positioned persons were promptly photographed for our Rogues' Gallery as 'potichomaniacs.'

'Our Rogues' Gallery!' Did it never strike you, reader, that every family had its Rogues' Gallery, where disagreeable memories of the Offensive Classes are hung up one by one through many years; each being taken down as occasion requires, to serve as a study in comparison with new repulsives as they come? There is that slightly cross and slightly crawling Mr. Perlam, whom you like a little and dislike more, and hardly understand at all. Suddenly some one suggests his resemblance to a portrait unmentioned for years. You 'see it all' then, exactly. Perlam is the full-printed picture of a very bad 'negative' of a person with whom gratitude was 'a lively sense of benefits to come,' and to whom every new acquaintance was a possible patron or victim to be Skimped out of Something. Always Something, until at last the presence of any unprofitable body on whom his Confidence would be thrown away made him positively ill-natured — as much so as his natural timidity permitted. Perlam is at once settled. You want no more of him at any price. He takes his place in the Gallery.

Each of us individually has his own private gallery, some keeping a much larger collection perhaps than our own stock of perfection warrants. And all of us, however grave and staid, have our Fancy Work. Under a thousand forms it is still there. I pray you, reader, try to think as kindly of this bit of mine as I perhaps in by-gone days have of some of yours!

THE OLD TO THE NEW.

THERE is a solemn lesson in decay,
 A voiceless whisper of the peopled past,
 That bids us live again and join the play,
 The mimic pageantries of pleasures vast,
 That move like shadows through the roofless halls,
 And colonnades of sculptured solitudes.
 At rising thought Memnonian music falls
 Upon the wakened ear, and so deludes
 With innocent illusion, that each stone
 Touched into thought by hands that wrought of yore,
 Becomes a statued mourner tomb-like thrown
 O'er grandeur desolate for evermore;
 And with a voice oracular it speaks
 To the unheeding nations, that when spent
 Their summed vitality, the eye that seeks
 Shall muse upon some loreless monument.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

BY MARY FARQUHAR.

CONCLUDED

CHAPTER SIX.

THE old-fashioned house-clock struck three, in that peculiar and solemn tone that gives to a clock, more than to any other piece of mechanism, a weird and unearthly intelligence.

John Steele's old house-keeper was roused from her slumbers, perhaps by the sonorous strokes that echoed through the dark and silent hall; perhaps by the shutting of the outer door, and the grating of the key in the lock. She heard these sounds with surprise, and something like alarm, till they were succeeded by her master's well-known step on the stair.

Steele threw himself upon his bed, and in a few minutes was overpowered by those deep and heavy slumbers that come in mercy to the exhausted mind and body after hours of mental agony. He woke at his usual hour the next morning. The storm of the preceding night had spent its fury. He dressed himself with unusual care, carefully removing every trace of past emotion. As he did so, he could not but observe the deepening lines in his stern, dark face, pale as it now was from recent suffering. 'Fool that I was,' he said to himself, 'to dream that she could more than tolerate a rude, coarse creature like me, made for the baser uses and needs of life. Oh! doubly fool,' he thought, but with a tenderer light in his eyes, as her image rose living before him, 'to fancy that, because her loveliness charms away the stern realities that have knotted and scarred my own life, I might transfer such a flower to my sterile garden: but I will not indulge such thoughts.'

And what of Mary during the hours the ill-fated Steele was wandering wildly through the stillness of night, regardless alike of the wintry cold and of the solemn beauty of the midnight skies? She sat bending over the decaying embers, thinking of the strange, and to her unexpected event of the evening. By its light she reviewed every circumstance of their acquaintance.

'Is it possible,' thought she, 'that this man has aided me in my hard struggle with life, been my kind and sympathizing friend, to further selfish ends and indulge a selfish passion? Oh! if I must believe this, where shall I hope to find disinterestedness and generosity? He must have known that I am engaged to another, and ——' At this recollection she covered her burning face with her hands. 'I will not blame you, Henry, but why do you leave me to be the victim of such painful mistakes, such humiliating conclusions? He supposed me deserted, as well as neglected. Oh! how have I fallen,' she bitterly exclaimed, 'since this self-made manufacturer, with whom I have nothing

in common, but those sad necessities that put me socially below him, dares to think he does me honor by his love, and insults me by the telling of it.'

Yet while Mary was thus unjust, she felt in the depths of her heart that Steele had *not* been actuated in his conduct by selfish or dishonorable motives. The remembrance of the many hours spent in his society forced itself upon her. She could not but acknowledge the superiority of his intellect to that of any other man she had ever known. At the same time, she recalled the keen delight she had taken in many a long discussion with him of those great social questions that move the heart and brain of man and woman alike—questions on which, from their different education and experience, they invariably differed; but where her antagonist met her fairly, and instead of ostentatiously lowering himself to her level, raised her to his own, treating her as an equal to be learned from as well as taught.

'Surely,' she said to herself, as she contrasted these word-combats that had made up the greater part of their intercourse with those days when she read in her lover's eyes the tenderness that made her own dark lashes fall over her flushing cheek, 'surely this was not love; he is mistaken in his feelings. He has never met a cultivated woman before; and imagines the pleasure he naturally takes in my society, is something deeper in its nature.' But Mary blushed to herself as she remembered what she had never bestowed a thought upon before. How after these long arguments, when she had been vexed and indignant, and he sarcastic and obstinate, his eyes sought her face timidly but earnestly as he bade her good-night, as if to assure himself that she was not really offended or wounded. 'Oh! it is strange and most unfortunate,' she concluded, as she went slowly to her own room.

Days passed on, and Mary began to wonder what her friend Mr. Steele would do. Would he come to see her as usual, would he apologize or explain, or would he persevere in an obstinate silence and absence? She missed him much. He had been her only friend, it seemed to her, so long. It was hard to give up the few compensations of a laborious life. Were there to be no more books, no more discussions of their merits, no more consultations over his plans? She remembered, with a pang of regret, the manner in which she had spoken in their last interview. He might have been rude and harsh; but she had seen him in his best moments, when he unconsciously unfolded the inmost motives that actuated his life. She knew his quiet but lofty enthusiasm in regard to those themes that interested him, and it was this man, so far superior in his aims to other men and to herself, that she had wounded to the quick. She felt her pride was misplaced; that she had misunderstood him. She would gladly have craved his forgiveness if he would give her an opportunity. She began, too, to admire the moral heroism that had dared to place before her those very circumstances that he judged would most offend her fastidiousness, even while he avowed his affection for her. There never was a woman yet that did not admire courage, of whatever kind; and Mary admired, like the rest of her sex, this attribute of her new lover.

One day, when Mary returned from her daily walk, she found a note lying on her writing-desk. She took it up hastily, and breaking the seal, read these words :

‘MY DEAR MISS GRAY : I am sure you will forgive the folly of a week ago. Forget, if you can, that I have ever aspired to be more than the sincere friend you will always find me to be. I am about to leave home on business, and may be gone some time, and am sorry to be so much hurried as to be unable to see you before leaving. If you will be so kind as to take charge of my books and papers, and complete the labors you have so kindly begun, you will continue to oblige

Yours, truly, J. S.’

The tears came into Mary’s eyes as she put down the note. She did not analyze the feeling that bade them rise. She felt grieved that he should give her no opportunity for apology or forgiveness ; and sorry that his feelings were of such a nature, that he could not trust himself to see her. She felt, too, his nobleness and kindness in providing for her wants in the way she would most prefer he should. She knew she had wounded her best friend and driven him from her, perhaps never to return.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

WE often notice, when watching the glories of an autumn sky, far in the blue distance, a single dark speck floating silently along, succeeded soon by other and still other similar forms. We know them to be summer birds following their leader to warmer climes ; so, when one startling event invades the quiet horizon of our every-day existence, it is sure to be succeeded by others of equal importance.

On the evening of the day on which Mary’s quiet tears had fallen over the rugged characters of John Steele’s brief farewell, she was startled from the reverie into which she had fallen by a loud knock at the door of her cottage. She had heard no approaching foot-step, and was somewhat surprised when Mrs. Lovell ushered into the room a strange gentleman.

He was not above the medium height, but a slender and upright figure gave him the appearance of being much taller. His rather effeminate but handsome and regular features were half-concealed by luxuriant whiskers and mustaches, while the sort of half-cloak of foreign air which he wore disguised him even more than the changes of several years.

Mary rose, unconsciously, as this elegant and graceful apparition approached her, exclaiming : ‘Do n’t you recognize me, *ma chere Marié* ?’ The next moment she was clasped in the embrace of the long-absent Henry Thayer. He released her almost instantly, however, and seating her, placed himself by her side with the air and freedom of a privileged person.

Mary was actually confounded as the moments sped on, and she realized that she was actually in the presence of the lover of her youth. Was this the meeting she had so often pictured ? This gentlemanly and graceful individual, the man whose image she had treasured in her heart of hearts for years ? Was this herself, this woman, making and answering common-place inquiries so

calmly and indifferently? She felt as if turning into marble as she examined more closely the handsome but inexpressive face of her companion; she noted half-dreamily his *recherché* and fashionable appearance, the exquisitely modulated tones of his voice, the studied devotion of his manner, as he apparently hung on every word that fell from her lips, though his eyes constantly wandered over the narrow and mean apartment. It had never seemed so narrow and so mean to Mary before. Indeed, it did not seem at all a fitting place to receive such a visitor.

At last he exclaimed, as if his amazement had for once got the better of his politeness: 'Good heavens! Mary, how can you exist in this little den? What could have induced you to leave your sister to live alone in this strange way?'

There are rare moments in life when, as by a lightning flash, we discover mistakes, and at the same time receive the ability to rectify them. The color came back to Mary Gray's cheek, light to her eyes, strength and courage to her heart. She withdrew the hand he held, and quietly said: 'Did you not receive a letter from me explaining my motives?'

In spite of his efforts his eye-lids drooped and his voice faltered as he replied: 'Yes, yes, I received it.'

'Did you answer it?'

He had regained his self-possession. He wore again that nonchalant air, which years passed in the atmosphere of fashionable life had made habitual to him.

'My dear girl,' he said, attempting to resume the hand so recently withdrawn, 'I did not answer it. In the first place, I did not receive it till months after its date, having been on a tour through Asia, where letters could not be forwarded to me; and in the second place, I concluded to return home immediately. To tell the truth, Mary,' he continued, in an altered tone, 'it seemed such a romantic project, and so unnecessary, to leave a respectable home, and take such an anomalous and in some respects indecorous position, that I never dreamed of your actually carrying it out.'

Mary was actually unable to keep her seat. She had not then been comprehended in the least. Her first feeling was indignation, but this was rapidly succeeded by contempt. Was it to keep her faith to this man that she had endured a persecution that made life almost insupportable? 'I suppose he thinks I ought really to have married George Graham rather than disgrace myself by earning my own livelihood.' Such thoughts as these coursed rapidly through her brain as she rose from her chair and went to the table, as if to move the candles that stood upon it. He, too, rose involuntarily. There was something in her face and mien so unlike any thing he had ever known in the soft, yielding, gay young girl he had once won, that he felt at a loss how to act. She relieved him from his embarrassment by saying quite carelessly: 'That he must excuse her if she dismissed him early. He must know,' she said, with a proud smile, 'that she was obliged to be very prudish.'

He prepared to leave at once, and not reluctantly, saying as he swung his cloak gracefully around him: 'And when may I call upon you—to-morrow, dear Mary?'

She smiled again very quietly, and replied slowly but unhesitatingly: 'I will write you when I shall be able to see you again.'

He would have taken a more tender farewell, but she seemed not to observe his movements, and in a few moments she was alone.

'She puzzles me, that's a fact. Mary always was different from other people. What a pretty, lively little thing she was; but she's faded a good deal. Let me see, how old is she now?' And Mr. Henry Thayer, who was slowly completing his toilet on the morning after the interview we have just related, paused while he went through with his calculation. He sighed as he finished the reckoning, but whether because he was so much older himself, or that Mary was, it was quite impossible to determine. 'I declare,' he continued to soliloquize, 'I expected a scene, knowing her temper, but her coolness upset me. How she drew herself up when I told her she was romantic. She is a queenly-looking woman, faith. How splendidly she would look in a drawing-room. I really wish my old uncle was not so set upon my marrying that black-a-moor, Maddie Curtis. I do n't doubt Mary left her sister rather than break her engagement with me. Yes, she must have done so, though she did not tell me that in her letter.' He smiled as he said half-aloud: 'Her head is full of romance, or she would never have thought that youthful folly was to interfere with our mutual interests. I declare, though I like her spirit. I've half a mind to marry her in spite of every thing.'

These reflections were interrupted by the entrance of a servant, bringing a delicate little note, deftly sealed, and carefully written. Our young coxcomb opened it eagerly. He saw it was from Mary, and augured a most agreeable conclusion from her so soon redeeming the promise of the evening before. His imagination, slightly excited by the idea of her sacrificing every thing for him, made her missive double welcome. However, as he read it, more than once his confident smile vanished. Its contents were brief, though couched in the mildest terms. It was a polite though kind avowal, 'that whatever tie might once have existed between them, time and the judgment that time brings with it, had entirely severed it.' It concluded by saying that she would be glad to regard him as a friend, but under no circumstances could she ever view him in any other light.

This was an unexpected turn of affairs. He read the note again and again. At first he imagined it written through pique, but its quiet, half-regretful tone dissipated that idea. Beside, an instinctive feeling, that his sudden appearance had not produced the emotion he reckoned upon, haunted him with a disagreeable conviction that it was really true that Mary had outgrown her affection for him.

'The tables are turned upon me,' he exclaimed at last. 'Instead of jilting, I am jilted. I could almost laugh at the whole affair.'

But he did not laugh. On the contrary, he put the note in his pocket-book with an unusually reflective air. 'Well, it is better so,' he said to himself. 'She has good sense: she always had, even when she was so wild and gay years ago, when we were children together.' And the remembrance of Mary, in all her youthful gayety and beauty, and of his own boyish affection and ad-

miration for her, drew from him perhaps the deep sigh with which he uttered the words: 'I did love her; and I do n't believe I shall ever care so much for any other woman.'

Let us not censure him too severely. He was one of those characters that are made by the circumstances and influences that surround them. He had been a youth of generous impulses, but without fixed principles. He had loved Mary sincerely, and as deeply as he was capable of loving any one, except himself. But the years which had been deepening and refining her nature had been spent by him in the idle pursuit of pleasure, and the indulgence of every fancy that crossed a mind neither deeply nor widely cultivated. He had adopted the view of those with whom his life had been spent, when he learned to consider his betrothal to Mary a youthful folly, to be repented of when it interfered with his material interests. The fearless independence with which she had set at naught the opinion of that world, where nothing is so much deprecated as disregard of conventionalisms, completed the alienation of that poor heart that could not appreciate such a soul as Mary Gray's.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

It was a lovely summer's morning. The dew yet lay on the grass beneath the elm-tree, that gave its only picturesque aspect to Mary's cottage. The robin, which annually built its nest amid the branches, flew busily in and out of the thick foliage. Nature seemed full of happy and animated life. Mary herself, in her travelling-dress, was standing in the door of the cottage. Her trunks packed, and ready for a long journey, filled up the little hall behind her. She was taking a last look at the lowly home, endeared to her by many associations of pain and pleasure. She was now about to bid farewell to some of her humble neighbors who had been kind to her in many a small perplexity, where little services are of greater value to the receiver than they can be to the giver.

She was quite prepared for the journey, and it being still very early, had several hours which she intended to devote to her farewell visits, one of which was to be to the Blanchard Mill. She had in her hands some books belonging to Mr. Steele, which she had determined to return in person, and at the same time acquaint him with the change that had taken place in her fortunes. Mary had not seen him since he had so abruptly parted from her three months before. She had heard from time to time that he was still away, and indeed she did not know certainly that he had yet returned. She resolved, however, that she would go to his house, and if he were not there, she could at least learn his address. She felt some acknowledgment due to him for his great and continued kindness to her, and if some deeper feeling alternately flushed and paled her cheek, who shall decide its nature? She did not herself analyze the motives that led her, now walking hurriedly, now lingering slowly, toward the home of John Steele.

In the mean time, let us relate how Mary came to be in this new situation. Soon after her parting with Mr. Thayer, the post-man brought her a letter in an unknown hand. She opened it with wonder, and read the following lines:

'MY DEAR MISS GRAY, or rather let me at once call you my dear Mary: I learn through an old friend, who is a resident of your town, that you have, since losing your mother, preferred the independence of self-support to idle dependence upon your sister's husband. A similar experience in my own life enables me to readily understand and respect your feelings. And as an old and intimate friend of your departed father, I think I may express my regard for you without ceremony.

'I have not seen you since you were a child, as I remember, full of spirit and animation, and very like your dear father. My habits as a confirmed invalid have made me negligent in keeping up a correspondence with your family, but I hear of you with renewed and great interest, and on the strength of that interest have concluded to make you a proposal to come and live with me.

'It is scarcely desirable or pleasant for a young woman to be entirely alone, isolated from all family ties; and as your sister is in Europe, I think such must be now your condition. I live very quietly, with one servant, who takes the most faithful care of me; but it would cheer my monotonous life to see daily a bright young face and hear a cheery youthful voice in my quiet rooms.

'If you wish to make yourself quite independent, I will not object to your doing so in any way you think proper, but I think it might be a mutual benefit and pleasure for us to live under the same roof. Very truly,

'MARGARET STONE.'

Mary distinctly remembered Aunt Margaret, as she called her in her childhood — a tall, hard-featured, but most kindly maiden lady, whom she had often visited when living with her mother in the village of A —. It is needless to say that Mary was very glad to accept this kind and opportune offer. And she immediately set about preparations for her final departure from G —. She was, however, ambitious to first finish the large amount of drawing and writing Mr. Steele had left for her. She resolved to perform it in the very best manner, as it was the last she would probably ever do for him. But it took her longer than she had anticipated, though she bent over it with untiring industry and perseverance.

Spring deepened into summer as she labored, and its beauty and glow seemed to pass into Mary's face as the days glided on. She had never felt happier. From the hour in which she had discovered that she had been loving a shadow, an ideal, who wore the outward semblance of a lover, but was invested with graces and virtues that grew out of her own fancy, a new light broke upon her heart. She realized that she had loved, as most do in youth, from the necessity of an affectionate nature, not from that spiritual affinity that gives to love its attribute of immortality. She remembered with a smile the boyish devotion, the youthful beauty and grace that had enchanted her imagination, and which she had invested with qualities, that made her faithfulness only a just tribute to his manliness. When she met him, after their long separation, it needed no lengthened intercourse to show her that they had grown far, very far apart; that whatever had brought them once together had fled with the evanescent glow of youth. This man, perfect as he was in all

exterior graces, lacked that inner manhood that could alone satisfy the deeper wants of her maturer heart. She wanted companionship for her intellect. generosity of soul and nobility of mind for her moral nature; and a heart whose full and entire affection was equal to all the demands of an immortal being.

Insensibly she contrasted the artificial graces of her first lover with the noble simplicity of the second. He who had never known a base thought, or been moved by an unworthy feeling; who lived nobly for others, while he accepted as his due the results of talent, energy and ambition.

So vanished the illusion of a first love from the fancy of Mary Gray. Alone through the summer days she bent over her writing-table. And while her hand filled swiftly with graceful characters the page before her, or poised skillfully the pencil or the crayon, her fancies fled into the mists of the past, to give place to true because more real pictures of the future. And thus a serene light deepened in her thoughtful eyes as she unconsciously drew nearer the threshold of a fairer life than any she had yet known.

Let us now go back to Mary herself, as we left her pursuing her long walk. She had arrived at the 'Mill,' had entered the little counting-room, as no one answered her knock, and was sitting down to rest. She sat there thinking over the eras in her life, which these visits to the 'Mill' had so curiously separated. The first, as a careless girl, absorbed in her first illusion; the second, as a weary and care-worn woman, struggling with an unrelenting world; and now the third, when having solved the problem of self-support and out-grown her youthful prejudices and illusions, she came there self-reliant but no longer haughty, glad but no longer frivolous, true to herself and to her noblest self.

As she sat thus meditating, she began to be surprised at the stillness that reigned around. At last a man in his shirt-sleeves hastily entered. Mary immediately accosted him, though she saw from his countenance and manner that something unusual had occurred.

'Has Mr. Steele returned home yet?'

'Mr. Steele!' replied the man eyeing Mary as if he could hardly believe that any one could be so ignorant as to ask such a question; 'why, don't you know Mr. Steele was brought home as good as dead this morning? He was knocked down by the cars and hurt very bad, very bad indeed.'

He went on as if he must, like the 'ancient mariner,' tell his story in despite of himself. 'They say there was a child on the track, and he ran to snatch it away, and got a blow on the head. He was brought home like one dead, and has took no notice since. The doctor be a going to cut open his head, or something or other; and every body has been sent off from the house, for there are lots of folks round. Our folks here think a deal of Mr. Steele, I tell ye.'

Mary had become deathly pale during this narrative, but she recovered herself by a violent effort, and asked the man to point out the house. She found herself in front of it, she hardly knew how or why.

The door stood wide open, probably on account of the heat. A profound stillness reigned around. She entered without ringing, and seated herself in a

room, the door of which also stood open. This room appeared to be a sort of library or study. Books and papers lay on every table, and almost every chair. Models and drawing of machines were also scattered about, in that confusion which characterizes a room devoted exclusively to a gentleman's use. Mary noted all these things without being aware of it, though she remembered it afterward.

She had not sat there long when she became aware that persons were moving softly about in the rooms above. Presently some one came to the head of the stairs, and called in a low voice :

'Hallo there! is there any one that can come up and help Dr. Blake? He wants the house-keeper.'

At this summons the house-keeper, who, it seems, was sitting in a back-room, came forward into the entry. Mary also came to the door of the room. The house-keeper was wringing her hands and weeping bitterly, though all in a suppressed way, as if she had been compelled to silence. She was evidently incapable of doing any thing that required presence of mind.

'What do you wish for?' said Mary.

'We only want some one to hold his hands while the operation is going on. You see he don't know any thing now, but if he should revive he might put his hands up and interfere with us. I can't do it, for the doctor needs my assistance in other ways,' was the reply to Mary's anxious inquiry.

'Can I be of any service?' said Mary.

Oh! yes, miss. Any one could do what we want. You need not look at us,' he continued, seeing her hesitate. 'All you will have to do will be to sit down by the couch, and hold his hands; and if he comes to, which isn't likely, give him a little water.'

Mary looked about her. There was no one to do this small service, and he might never know she had been there. She felt a little natural hesitation as she followed the surgeon's assistant into the room, but when she saw Steele, his thick hair matted with blood, and his face pale as marble, she forgot every thing but his danger, and the thought that she could be of some use in the emergency.

It seemed to Mary that she had been sitting by the side of the wounded man an hour, trying not to hear the whispers of the surgeons, or see the gleam of their instruments, when all at once, without the slightest warning, the patient opened his eyes, and looked directly at her. A sudden fear shot through her heart, lest he should be agitated by her unexpected presence, but instead of appearing astonished, a faint smile passed, like a ray of light, over his face.

'Ah!' said Dr. Blake cheerfully, 'you've done nobly! It's all right. Hold this glass of water to his lips, miss, if you please.'

Mary did as she was requested, but he only tasted it, and seemed about to speak.

'Do n't talk,' said Dr. Blake to him. 'You have been badly hurt, but will do nicely if you keep quiet, and do n't bring on inflammation,' and he finished

binding up his patient's head with the dexterity of one accustomed to such accidents.

In spite of the surgeon's adjurations, however, Steele attempted to raise his head. 'Am I dreaming?' he said. 'Where am I? What has happened?' But still he clung to Mary's hand, as if he expected she would melt away like a vision.

Again the doctor began to enjoin silence; but the sick man, with an impatient gesture, fixed his inquiring eyes on Mary.

She saw something must be done to quiet him, and involuntarily bending over him, said in as calm a tone as she could assume: 'You are really badly hurt, and it is necessary you should be very calm. The doctor has been dressing the wound,' she continued with a slight shudder.

'And you?' he said.

'I happened to be in the house, and as there was no one here to wait upon the surgeon, I came in to hold your hands. I will tell you all about it some other time.'

Still he did not seem quite satisfied. Still he clung to the little hand that lay upon his.

'You will not leave me?' he whispered faintly. 'Not yet, I mean,' as some idea of the magnitude of the request dawned upon his mind. 'If I am going to die, you will stay with me, won't you?'

It was almost more than Mary could bear to hear this strong man, a few hours before full of pride and life, now pleading feebly like a child not to be left alone in his suffering.

The doctor, however, had heard the last remark, and interrupted him. 'O my good fellow! you are not going to die yet, that is, if you'll only stop talking, and try to sleep. Here take these drops, they'll quiet you, I warrant.'

But he would not take the drops, till Mary smiling faintly, for she became conscious of the embarrassment of her situation, and an indescribable feeling of exhaustion consequent on all she had undergone, whispered in his ear: 'I must leave you *now*, but I will come again.'

He still looked uneasy, though he did not speak, and still refused the drops.

Then Mary, with a sudden impulse, took the glass from the doctor's hands, who turned away to collect his instruments, and with a playful air of command, motioned him to drink it. He obeyed, and then stooping down she swiftly and softly pressed his lips, and left the room.

When the surgeon came down-stairs, half-an-hour after, he found Mary still there. To her inquiries he replied: 'That his patient was doing well; had fallen asleep; and if no inflammation set in, would soon be out of danger. He must have as little mental excitement as possible, until the wound begins to heal. After that there will be no danger. His sister, I presume,' concluded the man of science, carelessly nodding to Mary.

'No,' she replied somewhat haughtily, though she could not help slightly blushing.

He looked at her a little curiously for a moment, but was not sufficiently interested to pursue the subject.

'She ought to be some relation, I'm sure,' now interrupted the house-keeper, who had been kindly giving to Mary the refreshment she stood in need of, 'for she be as like Mr. Steele as two peas!'

It would have puzzled a very acute observer to discover in what this extraordinary likeness consisted; and in after-days this innocent remark become a great source of amusement to Mr. Steele himself. Just now, however, very little heed was given to it. As Mary rose to go, and the doctor's chaise was brought round to the door, he offered to take her into town with him. This plan was gratefully accepted by Mary, who really felt unable to walk.

CHAPTER NINTH.

My story draws rapidly to a conclusion. Mary was of course obliged to delay for a week or two her departure from G ——. And daily, to the delight of all the children in the neighborhood, a carriage drove up to Mary's door; sent by Mr. Steele to bring her, and sometimes Mrs. Lovell, to the secret, though concealed joy of the latter, to the factory village of Blanchard Mills.

Let us close with two scenes from the lives that were henceforth to flow on together.

John Steele is sitting in an old-fashioned easy-chair, resting his head against the cushion Mary has just arranged for him. The contrast of his black hair makes him look even paler than he is; but a quiet smile gleams in his eyes, and illumines all his face with tender light. These eyes are fixed on Mary, as if he could never tire of gazing on her, while she herself bends her glowing face over the sketch she is making at a little stand, a short distance off.

The summer air, all alive with the hum of insects, warm with the glow of sunshine, and sweet with the breath of new-mown hay, steals in and out of the open window in soft zephyrs; as if to shyly enjoy the sight of such perfect human happiness.

'I wish you would put away that paper and pencil, Mary, and come here and talk to me,' said the occupant of the easy-chair.

Not a word in reply; but Mary looked up at the eager face, and then down again on her paper, as if entirely unconscious of its expression of half-vexation.

'What provoking ways you have, you sprite! You have been sitting there two hours at least without appearing to know whether I am in the room or not,' he continued, smiling.

'I've sat here ten minutes,' answered Mary with perfect gravity, but without moving.

Another pause, and then he murmured in a semi-audible tone: 'If you do n't come here I'll have the head-ache, and that will be the worst thing possible to happen to me!'

Mary laughed, rose, and coming up to him, sat down on a low seat before him, looking up at him with her smiling, radiant face. 'Do you know what I have been doing, you horrible tyrant? I have a great mind not to tell you, it will make you so vain!' she said.

'HEAVEN knows there is not much danger of my being vain under your

tuition,' was the reply to this, with a shrug of the shoulder and a grimace. 'But what is it? Why did you betake yourself to that stand and act the statue for half-a-day?'

'I'm not a statue, and you'll see I've plenty of life, if you keep on scolding and tyrannizing over me in this way, Sir! Well, I've been making a sketch of you. I am very much afraid you will never look as well again, and I thought it a pity to lose the favorable moment,' said Mary jestingly.

He looked very much pleased, but did not answer, except by stroking back the waves of glossy hair that fell over her brow. 'Beside,' she went on, 'I wanted something to remind me of you when I am with Aunt Margaret! You know I am going to-morrow.'

'And must you go *to-morrow*?' he pleaded.

'Indeed I *must*. What *will* Aunt Margaret think?'

'I don't believe she will be much displeased when she knows what you are delaying for. Aunt Margaret is an old friend of mine. She likes me, Mary,' he said with a meaning smile.

Mary looked at him. A new thought flashed through her mind. *He* was the person who had told Aunt Margaret her situation. It was to him she was after all indebted for the protection which this new home had offered to her.

He read her thoughts in the open face, and replied to them with serious fondness. 'I shall now protect you, my Mary, my wife that will be.'

One more scene. They are married. John Steele has taken Mary from Aunt Margaret's cottage to the stately dwelling that she will henceforth call home.

Steele is sitting in his library, reading the evening paper, and too much absorbed to observe his wife's entrance. She is in full dress, for they are to attend a grand *levée* that night, where Mary will meet many an old acquaintance; among others Henry Thayer and his rich wife, and perhaps Mr. Miles and her sister, for they have returned to G—— since Mary's marriage.

'Do you like my dress?' said Mary, as she playfully pulled away the paper from his face. 'You never saw me in a ball-dress before, you know, Mr. Steele.'

He looked at her admiringly and fondly. She wore a blue dress of some airy texture, and white roses were twined in her brown hair.

'What is it?' he said curiously after a short inspection of her, as she laughingly turned round and round that he might view her on all sides. 'It *looks* like a cloud, or a piece of blue sky made up by a fashionable dress-maker. And are those *real* roses in your hair?'

'Do n't be too curious, Sir,' she exclaimed retreating a step as he appeared about to touch her dress.

'Oh! I'm not to touch you while in that airy costume. You are afraid of its falling to pieces, I suppose. Well, hold out your arms at a safe distance, then. I hope *they* do n't partake of the fragile nature of that cloud you call a dress, and let me put these baubles on!'

So saying he took from a casket that stood on the table beside him two bracelets, which he clasped on the delicate white arms extended to him.

‘Here, take the rest of the things, and put them on yourself, for I’m sure I do n’t know where they belong,’ he said as he handed her the casket.

‘Why, John Steele,’ said the astonished Mary, ‘these are diamonds, *real diamonds!*’ her eyes sparkling with all the delight of a genuine woman. ‘What an extravagant man you are!’

He smiled. ‘Well, I dare say it is an evidence of my plebeian origin and tastes, but I fancied knowing my wife was not only the loveliest woman in G —, but the best-dressed.’

She forgot all about her precious dress, and came up to him putting her hands upon his broad shoulders, and looking straight into his eyes, she said: ‘I love and respect you, my husband, not because you are the wealthiest man in this great town, honored by every one in it, but because you are the best and noblest in all the world.’

Let us leave them in their home; rich in mutual affection, honored in hundreds of lowly hearts that they have blessed by wise kindness, and walking hand-in-hand toward the eternal home!

THE BULLFINCH.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

I.

MR. KAMM.

THERE is a certain portion of Crosby-street that smells of theatre. I will not malign that narrow-fare by insinuating that it smells of nothing else, because I think it is conscious of stables, and toward the lower end is slightly tintured with tenement-house. But the particular locality to which I allude is odorous of the buskin and the boards. Two of our largest theatres, if I may say so, ‘back’ on this quarter with great unsightly brick-walls pierced with little lightless windows; and stage-doors, round which shiftless supernumeraries loaf all day, holding converse with the Cerberus that serves as door-keeper, whose surliness, although proof against music, may be overcome without difficulty by coin.

At night these same stage-doors are interesting studies. Here you may see, in the sort of watchman’s box that serves as ante-chamber to the theatre, the patient actor out of employment, who has just sent in his name to the manager with a view to engagement, and who, poor devil, is fobbed off with a message to the effect that applications can only be received by letter. You may always see three or four mysterious hobbledehoy’s lounging about the door and talking

with the door-keeper, or writing on the walls with pencil aimless slanders on rival supers or other members of their acquaintance. Here at slight intervals take place the rushing exit and equally rapid entrance of the 'dresser' to the theatre, bearing on his return sundry liquids for the refreshment of the eminent artists performing within. Now the door opens and out comes the gas-boy with a pan of charcoal, which, to avoid danger of fire, has to be lighted on the side-walk, and which in ten minutes more will represent the flaming logs that blaze in the huge fire-place of the tapestry-chamber in the lordly mansion of the Baron Hugh de Brass. Here, at a later hour, a short time before the performance closes, you may behold one or two young swells lounging up and down the side-walk, smoking cigars and watching the stage-door uneasily as it opens and shuts. In a little while you will see Fannie Caracole and Mary Paragon, both friends and members of the corps de ballet, come out, glance up and down the street and presently be joined by the swells, with whom they will go off to supper. If you were in the common dressing-room of the ballet-women after the two girls have gone, you would be edified by the remarks of their companions on their superior style of dress, and the ironical surprise as to how they did it on twelve dollars a week.

Here, too, once and again, you may witness a sadder procession than that of hearty and reckless young men marching off to oysters and champagne with a couple of theatre-women. For one of the theatres is devoted to circus performances, and it may be that suddenly you will hear a vague murmur run through the street, an inarticulate warning of disaster; and be hurried along to the stage-door by a sudden stream of curious loungers, and after listening to whispered rumors of accident spoken in under-breaths among the idlers outside, you will see the stage-door open, the crowd give way, and, tenderly borne in the arms of his companions, the dying acrobat pass to the carriage in waiting with closed eyes, white face shining with the dews of death, and one leg and one arm hanging loose and broken!

Pretty nearly opposite to one of these theatres, some time since, there was a small shop, which belonged to Mr. Charles Kamm, theatrical boot and shoe-maker. Mr. Kamm's establishment was of limited dimensions, and was inserted between two larger houses, so that it looked as if it had been wandering about for a location and crept into the first chink it could find. The sparseness of interior accommodation may perhaps account for such an amount of Mr. Kamm's stock splurging out on the pavement. It seemed as if the little shop had been squeezed so tight by the two big houses that it had burst. There was a glass-case on the side-walk which seemed much larger than the house from which it was popularly supposed to emerge every morning, and to which it is not too much to presume it was consigned at night, which was filled with articles of cunning workmanship. Here it was that the genius of Kamm was visible. Boys spent hours gazing with open mouths at the treasures contained in that repository of art. There were long yellow boots with red heels, that were so muscular about the calves that they looked as if they could walk by themselves, and were so dainty in the finish, and high in the instep, that they seemed as if they were equal to avoiding every muddy crossing or slushy kennel in the

city. Then there were nice little white satin slippers, embroidered with gold, that called up visions of constellations of tiny feet, all flashing into air at a certain chord given by the orchestra, and gradually alluring the eye to white petals of crinoline which blossomed about a perfect garden of rosy faces and budding bosoms. Stalking grimly among those dainty works of art were grim russets. Such are to be found under the green-wood tree carousing in the lawless security of the forest, or intercepting the incautious wanderer in the woodlands and remorselessly plundering him of his money and jewels. Neither were the emasculate pumps of the male dancer wanting. The fellow with large feminine hips, imperfectly disguised by a scanty tunic of velvet; pasty hair that is a revolt against manhood; horrid, sexless smile ever sitting on his lips, while he bounds and twirls, and whose would-be passionate pursuit of the danseuse is such a mockery of love that it makes every man's blood run cold to look at it. All these elegant varieties of the shoes and boots that tread the mimic world were to be seen in Charles Kamm's glass-case. Did you want a Roman sandal, or a Turkish slipper, or an Irish brogan, Kamm was equal to the feat, and would turn you out either as perfectly as if he owned the book of fashion-plates of the time of Roscius, and had spent most of his life on the shores of the Golden Horn, or digging turf on the bog of Allen.

Charles Kamm, personally, was a fine, handsome young fellow of the Teutonic type, although born in this country, with long fair hair, blue eyes, and a slender, well-knit figure which was not disimproved by the fact of his belonging to a society of Turners. Kamm did a nice profitable business for the theatres. He made boots, for instance, for Mr. Belvidere, the popular light comedian at the Mulberry Theatre — and Belvidere was not easily satisfied, let me tell you. Belvidere had a nice foot, and would no more have had a hair's breadth of his instep concealed than he would have submitted to decapitation. Kamm was an enthusiast in his art, and expended himself on Belvidere, who was not alone a very handsome man, but an immense favorite with the public. The boots that he made for Belvidere were pictures. The wrinkles came exactly in the right place. The heels tapered beautifully. The spring under the hollow of the instep rendered the foot equal to the fulfilment of the Arab test, and would permit water to run beneath without wetting it. But when he came to embroidery, Kamm displayed himself. He had all the invention of Graun, whose floral designs for natural intricacy have never been surpassed. The impossible golden and scarlet flowers that wandered over the feet and ran carelessly up the calves of his boots, were not to be surpassed. On leather he was great, but when he came to satin, he was without parallel. He created a new Flora. The glowing blossoms that crept over his court-shoes had no similitude in nature, and I think privately, that nature was the worse for it.

I have said that Kamm was an enthusiast in his profession. It was good to see him at the theatre on the nights of first performances, to which he had of course contributed the great Belvidere's boots. He was always there before the curtain drew up, and sat in the back-row of the parquette, where he was presently joined by Umber the scene-painter, an amiable little man, with a charming feeling for color, and a thick, shaggy kind of voice, as if his throat

was lined with frieze and the sound had brought away some of the wool with it. Umber naturally enough came to watch the effect of his scenery, but Kamm was there to behold the triumph of his boots. When Belvidere appeared, it was not the actor that, in Kamm's mind, received the plauditory greetings, but the boots. Kamm's criticisms terminated at Belvidere's knees. All above that was a blank. A pair of boots impassioned, a pair of boots in a state of virtuous indignation, a pair of boots drunk, a pair of boots penitent, and at last a pair of boots married, was all that Kamm beheld during the performance. If the boots were called before the curtain, Kamm was proud, and after having his quiet glass of lager with Umber, over which each would talk of his own performances, the one on canvas, the other on leather, the pleased boot-maker would retire to his solitary little shop in Crosby-street and go to bed peacefully with Bully hanging in his cage by his bed-side.

Bully was the great solace of the boot-maker's lonely life. When he was at work during the day-time on splendid fabrics of Cordovan leather, knightly leggings and kingly buskins, Bully, hanging near by in a pretty little cage, constructed after the model of a Swiss chalet, where the water-bottle occupied the principal drawing-room, and the hemp-seed was kept in the best bed-room, cheered Kamm's solitude with pretty little melodies, slow German waltzes and volk's lied whistled in those low plaintive notes peculiar to the piping bullfinch. For Bully, as my reader has guessed before now, was nothing more than one of those rosy-breasted, slate-backed, jetty-crested, familiar little birds that are so friendly and affectionate to those that pet them, and who learn with facility to whistle certain kinds of mild melodies of a not very complicated character.

Kamm's bullfinch was more than ordinarily intelligent. He enjoyed the freedom of the shop, issuing from his cage at will and roaming through the wilderness of scraps of leather, bits of wax, balls of thread, books of gold-leaf, morsels of resplendent lace, and all the paraphernalia that crowd the workshop of a theatrical boot-maker. He delighted principally in accumulating those bristles which are attached to the waxed threads with which leather-work is sewed, and when he had picked up a sufficient quantity in his bill, he immediately proceeded to make a nest with them in Kamm's hair. As this was invariably a fruitless operation, he was in the end obliged to give it up, and consoled himself for his failure by whistling 'Life let us cherish' in rather a solemn and dirge-like manner, to the great delight of Kamm, in whose opinion the performance was superior to the most brilliant efforts of Vieuxtemps on the violin or Gottschalk on the piano. Tender and affectionate to his master as Bully was, and docile as he proved himself in learning those tunes which the young boot-maker whistled to him over and over again while he worked at his trade, there was one streak of rebellion in the red-breasted pet. He could not be induced by any art to whistle the sweet old air of 'Roslyn Castle,' which was a particular favorite with Kamm. All day long the boot-maker would slowly and laboriously whistle the first bars of the plaintive old strain, weaving his head backward and forward so as to impress the time on the bird, and Bully, after paying profound attention, would, when his master had concluded, strike

up with an air of cool satisfaction, Pleyel's German hymn, or 'God Save the Emperor.' This obstinacy on the part of his favorite, was a source of considerable annoyance to Kamm, and he occasionally used to break into a furious passion with his feathered pupil, and storm at him, so that the poor frightened bird would retreat to his cage and sullenly sit there for hours, until his master relented and proclaimed an armistice by a low, affectionate whistle.

II.

CINDERELLA.

It was a fine day in Autumn, just at the commencement of the theatrical season, when Kamm, whose book overflowed with orders from the various actors, was busy at work on a pair of young Marlowe boots for Mr. Belvidere, with the bullfinch perched on his shoulder, croaking like a diminutive raven, or arranging his feathers with great care, or occasionally climbing down on Kamm's coat-collar, until he got within reach of his mouth, where he would peck a kiss to him and gravely reascend to his former position.

'Come, Bully,' said Kamm, pausing between two stitches, and catching the bird in his hand, which operation was followed by an indignant 'quick,' 'come, it's time for your lesson.'

Bully resigned himself somewhat sullenly to a position on the back of a chair fronting the shoe-maker, who began with the weaving motion of the head to whistle 'Roslyn Castle.' Very sweetly he whistled. The notes were full of a country wildness, and in the peculiar break by which they were characterized, resembled that wild music called the Jodel by the Swiss peasants.

Bully instantly assumed an attitude of profound attention. His head was cocked on one side, and one black, bright, intelligent eye was fixed on his master. He was as immovable as if he had been stuffed, while the sweet, melancholy air in a silver thread of sound issued vibrating from the boot-maker's lips. The air then ceased. Bully retained his attitude of attention for a moment or two, then finding that the strain was over, he drew himself up proudly, erected his jetty crest, puffed out his rosy corselet, and with swollen throat and a quaint swing of the body and flirt of the tail, he joyously burst into '*Ah! vous dirai je maman.*'

'Confound you for an obstinate little pig!' cried Kamm, enraged; 'will you never learn that tune, you red-breasted idiot? I'll flog it into you, by all that's great I will?' and so saying he proceeded to catch his unhappy pet and belabor him with a bristle with such earnestness that one would have imagined that he intended to hurt him.

'O Mr. Kamm! please do n't beat the little bird,' cried a voice at this juncture. 'I'm sure he sings very sweetly. I've been listening to him outside the door these two minutes.'

'Ah! is that you, Miss Grace?' answered Kamm, with a lava-like rush of blood flooding his temples, as he greeted a pretty piquant girl of about sixteen years of age, who tripped into the little shop, and held one little hand raised threateningly against the shoe-maker, while Bully, escaping from his relaxed

grasp, flew to his Swiss cottage, where he secluded himself in the attic with an air that indicated an eternal abandonment of the pomps and vanities of the world.

'Yes, it's me, Kamm,' said the little lady, 'and I do n't like to see you so cruel.'

'Bless you, Miss, I an't cruel, no how. You see I want to get the bird to whistle 'Roslyn Castle,' a fine old air, Miss; and though I've been teaching him a year and more, he goes against me all he can, and won't do it. So I make believe to be angry with him, that's all.'

'Well, but you frighten him, and that's cruel. Poor little fellow! perhaps 'Roslyn Castle' is too high for his voice.'

This was a comic view of the question, and they both burst out laughing, which merriment on the part of his oppressors seemed to Bully to be an additional insult, for he got as near his imitation chimneys as possible, and turned his back on mankind.

'What can I do for you to-day, Miss Grace?' asked Kamm as soon as he had given her a chair, the seat of which he carefully wiped.

'I want a pair of yellow gaiter-boots for the new piece, Kamm. It is a burlesque, and I play the Princess Jaberatung of the Polyglot Islands. I am disguised as a boy, by the connivance of my father, because in the Polyglot Islands there is a law against woman's studying any branch of knowledge, and I have the greatest passion for learning languages. The King of Lingualia, a neighboring territory, who is also a great lover of languages, gives notice that he will give the hand of his daughter to the man who will speak in the greatest number of tongues. There is a great tournament held, and I, although a woman, enter the lists just for the fun of the thing. I overcome all opponents, until at last a stranger appears, who calls himself Prince Lexicon, and who, after three days' struggle, conquers me by addressing me in the Skyittchee language, the only known tongue with which I am not familiar. The Prince also secretly informs me that he is aware of my sex, and that he will not claim the King's daughter, but prefers to teach me the language of love. Then the King is enraged at his daughter's hand being slighted, and imprisons the Prince and pursues me. I escape with difficulty, and in the end rescue the Prince just as he is about to be beheaded, and all ends happily with our marriage in Consonant Castle, on the lake of Verbs. And Mr. Belvidere plays the Prince, and O Mr. Kamm! he sings a song in the piece so beautifully!'

'Why, that must be a very pretty piece, Miss Grace. I suppose it's for that Mr. Belvidere ordered the scarlet boots with the gold tassels.'

'Well, if Mr. Belvidere's boots are to be as handsome as that, Kamm, I hope that you'll make mine lovely, for you know he is to marry me.'

'I hope not, Miss Grace,' said Kamm gravely, with a touch of pathos in his voice.

'Oh! I mean on the stage, you know,' said Miss Grace quickly. 'Why, I'd rather do I do n't know what than marry him really, with his airs, and his great, conceited blue eyes, which he thinks so much of. Had n't you better take my measure? And now, Kamm, I want you to make them the cunningest little things you can think of.'

And so saying, the little danseuse put a very pretty little foot up on a stool, and Kamm, measuring-tape in hand, knelt as if in adoration before it.

'So you would n't marry Mr. Belvidere, Miss Grace?' said the shoe-maker as he bound the arching instep with the graduated tape.

'No, I do n't like him a bit,' was the decided reply.

'Ah! but you 're hard to please,' said Kamm, with a heavy sigh and a timid glance at the pretty face that bent over him as he knelt.

'No, I'm not, Mr. Kamm; not at all. But I do like a man to have a good heart, and some respect for women. I do n't think Mr. Belvidere has either. Now, I'm sure I'm simple enough in my tastes, for I often remember with pleasure that day when we went out on our excursion to Hackensack, you and I and mother, and had that nice cold dinner at the queer little English inn called the Three Pigeons, and which reminded us all of Goldsmith's comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer;' and how jolly every thing was, and—and—the drive home ——'

'And,' continued Kamm, rising and taking advantage of what seemed to be a momentary confusion on Grace's part, 'and that pleasure that I shall never forget, the first time I ever pressed your hand with my own great clumsy paw, the first time that I ever felt a little hope springing up in my heart about you.'

Grace suddenly drew down her foot and stood half-startled, half-expectant before the earnest shoe-maker, who, measure in hand, and all unconscious of apron, continued:

'You see, I never said any thing about it since. To tell you the truth, I was afraid of you, Miss Grace, you are so much above me, and you know so much finer people than I am; but I can't help loving you, Miss Grace—I can't, indeed; and I'm sure it would be the joy of my life to have the privilege and pleasure of working for you and watching over you; and if I thought—if I thought ——'

Here the poor fellow stopped, evidently overpowered or afraid to go on any further. Grace, with that *aplomb* which the stage gives to even the most modest of girls, put her hand plumply into the boot-maker's and said:

'Kamm, you are an honest, sensible man, and I'll treat you as one. I like you. Come and see my mother this evening.'

Kamm kissed the neat little hand, and feeling that the thing had gone as far as it ought to just then, quietly knelt down and took her measure for the fairy boots.

III.

That evening Mr. Kamm presented himself at the residence of Mrs. Sculpin, Grace's mother. Mrs. Sculpin was an obese old lady, whose great solace in life consisted in reminiscences of a deceased husband, who, she said, was a Lieutenant in the English Navy, and had been eaten by savages on the coast of Madagascar. There were envious persons who maintained that the deceased Sculpin had been a licensed victualler in Liverpool, and had never seen more of the sea than the Mersey presented in the form of mud, but however that

may be, Mrs. Sculpin cherished her naval reminiscences, and accorded to the gallant lieutenant virtues, talents, and a station in society of the most exalted character.

Grace was at the theatre when Kamm arrived at the old lady's house, in Sullivan-street, so that the lieutenant's widow and the boot-maker had the field to themselves. Mrs. Sculpin produced some ale and cigars, and the matrimonial trenches were opened.

Mrs. Sculpin was lofty in proportion as Kamm was humble. She, after a manner, trod the deck of a seventy-two gun frigate, and talked as if through a speaking-trumpet. She shook her fat old shoulders as if she felt epaulettes growing there, and treated Kamm more like a prisoner of war than a suitor: courteous, but not familiar.

'You see, Mr. Kamm,' she said on the subject of the marriage, 'we can't always forget the past. I'm sure I'm not in the least proud whatsoever, although we have had rank in our family, Mr. Kamm, and many's the day that I've seen my poor dear husband in his white tröwsers and goold epaulettes, walking arm in arm with admirals, as familiar with them as if he was a crowned king.'

Kamm bent his head as if overcome with this magnificence of this reminiscence, and the condescension that deigned to recall it in his presence.

'Owing to succumstances, Mr. Kamm, we have been obleeged to do things that was beneath us. We was obleeged to dance, Sir, to dance on the boords of a public theayter, the which stage I never sees but I'm forcibly reminded of the deck of the beautiful ship which my husband commanded, with all the seams running side by side, and the sailors a-touching their hats to him as respectful as men ever was.'

'I'm sure it must have been a fine sight,' said the poor boot-maker faintly, while Mrs. Sculpin squared her old head as if she felt a cocked hat adorning her rusty brown wig. It will be noticed that Mrs. Sculpin always spoke editorially; and that in the point of choreographic display it was her daughter and not herself she meant, for indeed the old lady's dancing-days were long over, and her steps shook the little house in Sullivan-street as she went up and down-stairs.

'Far be it from me to discourage honest industry, Mr. Kamm; I hope I knows my duty to my country's flag too well to do that; but still you must allow that in point of rank you are no match for us. Grace likes you very much, Mr. Kamm, and I think you a young man of *excellent character*, but you see —'

'Mrs. Sculpin, madam,' here broke in Kamm, with his fine, honest face all aglow with emotion, 'I love Grace, and you know she loves me. I'm but a poor boot-maker, but it does n't follow that I myself am made of leather. I am tolerably comfortable. I have a good custom, and have a nice sum in the savings bank. I can make your daughter happy; and when we are married I'll take a handsome store in Broadway, and become a fashionable boot-maker, and rise in the world. Now, ma'am, may I marry your daughter, yes or no?'

This dashing attack rather upset the pompous old woman, who was very

glad to get Grace so well married, but wanted at the same time to air her importance. Kamm was getting impatient at the eternal lieutenant, nor did he like to be constantly kicked with his own boots. Mrs. Sculpin, therefore, leaned back in her chair, feeling that her cocked hat had been somewhat shoved over her eyes.

‘Reelly you’re so suddint in your ways, Mr. Kamm. Consider the feeling of a parient, Sir, and the respect we owe to the memory of the lieutenant, who was as proud a man as ever stepped, and whom I’ve seen many and many time going to coort in his uniform, and there was n’t — though I say it — a handsomer man in —’

‘Mrs. Sculpin, will you say yes or no? I’m a plain man, and I want a plain answer. If I’m too low for you, say so, and let me go; if not, say so, and let me stay. Now come to the point.’

Kamm was astonished at his own courage; but the fact was, the poor fellow, like all modest men, was a terrible fellow when his blood was up; and he now stood facing the old commodore, with cheeks high-colored and blue eyes sparkling with fire.

The poor commodore found herself beaten. Cocked-hat, epaulettes, were all gone. So she determined to surrender, but still resolved to make a scene of it. She accordingly, to Kamm’s consternation, suddenly burst into tears, and flung herself into his arms, sobbing violently.

‘Take her, Kamm. You don’t know my feelings. You don’t know what she has been to me. And it is my prayer that her father will look down upon her from heaven, and guide her for the best, for he was always looked on as one of the best officers in the service, and no one that saw him in uniform could doubt it.’

After this outburst she kissed Kamm, and brought in another jug of ale, over which it was arranged that the marriage should take place immediately, provided Grace consented; after which Kamm set off for the theatre for the double purpose of taking a pair of new boots to Mr. Belvidere, and seeing Grace home after the performance, a duty which up to that period had been always faithfully performed by the old commodore, who was the terror of all those reckless young actors that hover about pretty faces in a theatre.

It was not long before Mr. Kamm arrived at the stage-door of the Mulberry theatre, bearing in his hand a bag containing the great Belvidere’s boots. An act was just over, and the musicians, interrupted in their game of cards with which they were wont to amuse themselves while the play was going on, in a sort of hole under the stage, were scrambling into the orchestra, and sulkily tuning their instruments; carpenters, engaged ostensibly in setting the next scene, were in reality occupied only in butting against every inoffensive person they could find, under the pretence that they were in the way: or pursuing some unhappy stranger with a great canvas-scene on rollers, which they slid after him with a venomous speed until they drove him into a corner, when they let the scene down on him, and left him immured in darkness. The actors were changing in their dressing-rooms. The call-boy was consulting the prompt-book, and seeing that the pocket-book, and the purse of gold, and the

false will, which were to be used in the next act, were all ready, and in their proper places. The gas-man was fixing the chandelier for the ball-room; the scene-painter aloft in his studio was putting the finishing-touches to the very last scene of the play, which, when the time came, would be lowered on the stage with the colors wet upon the canvas. All was bustle, hurry, confusion; some swearing, and considerable chaff.

Kamm proceeded to Belvidere's dressing-room with the boots; but not finding that great artist, sauntered on the stage, and looked about him. The stage of the Mulberry Theatre is very large, and full of all sorts of odd nooks and corners; shadowy recesses where one might expect to see the ghosts of deceased dramatists flitting with indignant gesturing at the slaughtering of their plays. Kamm was passing one of those dusty corners, when he thought he heard a voice that he recognized. He stopped involuntarily and listened. It was Grace who was speaking:

'Mr. Belvidere, I wish you would n't speak so, Sir. It's wrong of you, Sir, indeed it is.'

'But I swear to you, Grace, that I am in earnest. I declare that since you have come to the theatre I have thought only of you. You will not be cruel enough to refuse me the small favor of seeing you home this evening after the play; my carriage will be at the door, and ——'

'Indeed, Sir, I cannot. My mother always comes for me, and I would rather go home with her than any one else.'

'Confound your mother,' Kamm heard Belvidere mutter; then he continued: 'Then I swear, Grace, that you must give me a kiss; one little one; only one. Come, now, do n't be foolish.'

'Stop, stop, Sir! I'll shriek. It's ungentlemanly of you. Mr. Belvidere, let me go.'

Then came the sound of a struggle, and a scraping of feet on the boards; when a shadowy figure appeared in the dusky recess, and seized Belvidere by the throat.

'Come out here, you scoundrel,' cried Kamm, dragging the comedian out into the broad gas-light, and holding him at arm's length. 'I'll teach you to set your rascally traps for a young girl that's innocent as the angels,' and he gave the comedian a good shaking.

Now, Mr. Belvidere was not at all deficient in what is called pluck, so the moment he got an opportunity, he dealt Kamm a tremendous blow on the peak of the jaw, which sent him flying back against a scene. 'You infernal cobbler,' he said, 'take that.'

Kamm took it, but unfortunately for Belvidere he was not satisfied with it, and finding that the comedian was a bruiser, the shoe-maker being an excellent gymnast, suddenly betook himself to that terrible mode of fighting called the *savate*. Accordingly, while Belvidere was in the most approved attitude for resisting an attack with the fists, he was suddenly kicked by Kamm in the face with both feet, and before he could recover he received a third similar application in the region of his wind, which laid him helpless on his back, with gasping mouth, and wondering how the deuce the thing was done. This ac-

complished, Kamm turned to where poor Grace was cowering against a wing, white and trembling with terror, and saying to her, 'Grace, you shan't dance here to-night,' tucked her tremulous arm under his, and made his way through the crowd of gaping supers, who made way with great alacrity for a man who could box with his feet as well as with his hands. Grace had not yet donned her theatre-dress, and so he bore her straight home to her mother, where, the moment she was safely housed, she burst into a fit of hysterical tears.

Mrs. Sculpin's indignation was of course majestic, when the affair was related to her. That the daughter of the lieutenant, who was familiar with admirals, and on whom some of the bullion of his epaulettes may be supposed to have descended, should have been outraged by a mere actor like Belvidere, was incredible. I think that at first the old lady contemplated having the offending comedian lashed to a grating, and given nine dozen by a boatswain's mate; but toward the latter end of the evening, under the influence of ale, she mitigated the punishment to a court-martial, of which I have no doubt she intended being president. During many of Mrs. Sculpin's relations concerning her husband and general family connections, I trust it will not be indiscreet to mention, that a certain amount of inattention might have been observed on the part of Grace and Mr. Charles Kamm. In fact, they didn't listen to the old lady; but as soon as Grace's hysterics were over, our friend the boot-maker applied himself to the task of convincing the young *danseuse* that a speedy marriage was absolutely necessary to the well-being of the nation. After a long sitting, in which a rapid ceremony was finally agreed upon, Kamm took his departure, and reached his little shop, where he found Bully with his head immersed in a bath of feathers, with all his rosy breast-plumes ruffled about him in sleep, until he looked like a pink poppy on one leg.

It was a glorious autumn day when Kamm, arrayed in his best clothes, and shod with a pair of bridal boots, on which he had expended all his ingenuity, issued from his shop-door, on his way to Mrs. Sculpin's. He had bade good-by to the bullfinch, as if he was not coming back again; though in his solitary hours he often thought what a source of pleasure the bird would be to his little wife, when he was away at work. He went across by Houston-street joyously. He was happy and independent. He had been dismissed from the patronage of the Mulberry Theatre, owing to the influence of Belvidere, but he had also withdrawn Grace, in virtue of his position as affianced husband, from her engagement, and made it a stipulation that she should dance no more. Ring out, bells of St. Thomas! Enter Commodore Sculpin, with new cocked-hat and epaulettes! Appear quiet and business-like parson from the vestry, gazing as you pass to the rails, with a sort of vague sympathy on the flushed face of Charles Kamm, aged twenty-three; and the pale face of Grace Sculpin, aged seventeen!

The ceremony passed as all such ceremonies pass. There was no grand display. There were not six bride's-maids, and six grooms-men, which saved Grace the presentation of six lace veils, and Kamm the distribution of six suits of dress-clothes. But invisible grooms-men and bride's-maids hovered

about the altar-rails as the vows were made. Truth, Honor, Loyalty and Love were there, and hallowed the simple ceremony.

According to special agreement, Kamm went home that day with his bride. The Sculpin frigate—excuse me, I meant mansion—had a pretty sunny little chamber set apart for the young couple; and our friend the boot-maker agreed to forsake his bunk in the shop for the splendors of a home. Sweetly passed the hours. Forgetful of work, forgetful of every thing except love, Kamm idled away through four days. He was irritated no longer at the commodore's assumption of dignity. He allowed her to wear her epaulettes with impunity; their false glitter was more than recompensed by the light that beamed upon him from Grace's eyes.

It was the fourth day after the wedding when, as Kamm was sitting in the window, toying, after his simple, lover-like fashion, with Grace's hair, when he started up suddenly, and cried: 'Good God!'

'What's the matter?' asked Grace, alarmed at the wild look of fright that suddenly overspread his countenance.

'O my God! what a wretch I am! The bird! Bully! I shut up my shop, and have not been there for four days, and he is starving; oh-h-h!' and the poor fellow groaned as if he had been stricken with some agonizing disease.

In an instant Grace had rushed for his hat, and the next moment the poor shoe-maker, with a throbbing heart, was running full speed down Houston-street to his neglected store. The picture of that poor, pining, affectionate bird, who loved him so, singing his little songs in darkness and solitude, was ever before him as he ran. He pictured him, as the days went by, descending to his trough and his water-bottle, and finding them empty. He saw him at length exhausted with hunger, huddle into the corner of his cage, and die.

And he ran. How he did run! So fast that when he reached his door he was so much out of breath that he could not for a moment put the key in the lock. In that brief pause he thought he heard a faint, shrill sound. He put his ear close to the door, and listened. I will not tell how his heart smote him as he heard from within, whistled in faint but clear notes the long-disputed air of 'Roslyn Castle.' Poor bird! Deserted by his master for another love, he called up from the depths of his memory, the strain he would not remember when he was present; and in the dreary work-shop, lonely and without food, he bethought himself of the strain that his master loved!

Need I say with what acclamations Bully was received at Mrs. Sculpin's when Kamm brought him thither? What pastures of groundsel were thrust into his cage of mornings? What dainties in the way of seeds and fruits were his portion evermore? He was in all respects, slangular and otherwise, Bully.

A CHAPTER ON GESE.

‘WHAT makes such a rustling? what makes this ado?
 ’T is the poor little goslings, that have not got a shoe;
 The cobbler has leather, but no last he can use,
 And so they go barefoot, and never have shoes.’—GERMAN NURSERY SONGS.

‘ARE you right on the Goose Question?’ was universally asked during the last Presidential contest; and we propose a chapter on this well-known domestic bird. The first of the feathered race that man converted to his own peculiar use was undoubtedly the common fowl, a most prosaic creature, that has every where followed him, but in whom all the romance of bird-nature and higher instinct are entirely wanting. A single glance at Madam Scrapefoot tells you this. Her sober mind abhors all extravagance and innovations; as her ancestors were before her, will she remain, plain in dress, thought and deed. She will have nothing to do with those doubtful virtues which we proudly call elegance, refinement and high-breeding. These are as naught to her. ‘Pray and work! Stay at home and get an honest livelihood,’ she seems to say to her sons and daughters, as she walks among them with a high sense of her own importance.

How self-satisfied and how emphatically she clucks, when she has laid an egg! The whole neighborhood hears the important intelligence; and no young poet could exhibit his verses in the KNICKERBOCKER with more vain-gloriousness. When she is a mother, above all, what a searching, what a scraping and calling! She provides for all, not thinking of herself alone. The grave Plutarch names the hen as a pattern of motherly love; and the Arabians place her even among the stars. To the seven-starred constellation of the Pleiades the Arabs gave the name of the ‘*Clucking-hen.*’ Alcyon is the hen, and the nebulous cluster of stars, the chickens. We read in our BIBLES, that the SAVIOUR of the world thought it not beneath HIM to compare HIS love for HIS people to the love of a hen for her little brood. Of all figures in the New Testament, none is more touching, or appeals more powerfully to the heart.

The taming which has decidedly elevated some animals to higher intelligence, has not been so successful with the goose; she has become a slave to man. She trails along her clumsy body, grown fat in captivity, and on broad oar-like feet, rocks at easy step on one side, or half-tumbles forward. If you drive her, she knows not whither to go; now hesitatingly turning to the right, then to the left; always at a loss and always cackling. Drive her more quickly, and the noise becomes a shrill scream—the bewildered animal spreading out its wings, and beating them violently together, without raising its pinions an inch above the ground.

Still, this ceaseless cackle is capable of certain modulations, and the screeching obtained for her veneration and immortal historic fame. From Livy,

through all succeeding ages, the preservation of the Roman Capital, by the warning cries of geese, is related, as a miracle, and the virtues of the bird have been praised. The vigilance of the goose was extolled above the often-related watchfulness of the dog. Rome gratefully remembered this deed by an annual public festival, in which a silver image of the favorite bird was carried in state. A dog was also hanged to punish that animal, because he did not bark when the Gauls came to attack the city. He was impaled alive on an elder-branch.

The Germans, too, often selected the goose for sacrifice; and during the Middle Ages it was even dedicated to St. Martin. But a doubt has arisen whether this was done from respect to the pious bishop, or a discreet regard which the complimentary and worthy monks had for their own stomachs. Old carols assert that the goose was most in season on the feast of St. Martin; and the merry '*Goose Litany*,' a convivial ballad, early echoed in the monastic refectories, strengthens this doubt. The name '*Martinmas Goose*,' is extremely ancient, and met with as early as 1171. Later ballads inform us that Martin, when sought, to make him bishop, crept among the geese to hide himself. His humility, however, was betrayed by their cackling.

Germany was the original home of our bird, where its breed, in early times, was zealously encouraged, and goose-herds abounded. Pliny declares that a higher sagacity exists in the goose than is generally allowed, quoting as proof the friendship which Lacey, the philosopher, formed for one of the species. In the story of the Crusader, however, there is more striking proof, who, having lost his way in the desert, followed the guidance of a goose, and thus was safely conducted to the end of his pilgrimage, the Holy City. In the '*Yorkshire Gazette*,' of 1834, there is a parallel story. An old gentleman there had for his companion a gander, belonging to a farmer, and it came politely every morning at five from the farm-yard, and awoke him by his cries. Then his goosey friend accompanied him all day, and might be seen walking behind him, unmindful of the children's screams, which often attended both pedestrians. If the old man sat down to rest, Mr. Gander laid himself at his feet; and before reaching his usual halting-places, his feathered companion would run before, and turn round and signify, by cackling, all right, at the resting-place. When he went into the inn for a glass of ale, Gander followed, until he had finished '*his horn*,' when both proceeded on the way again.

The epicures speak of goose-liver and fat, and its down; and Pliny, the early naturalist, esteemed goose-liver pastries of such moment, as to search for the name of him to whose skill they owed this exquisite delicacy. He relates further, that even the sturdy necks of Roman soldiers were unable to do without the soft down; and multitudes stationed in Germany deserted their legions to hunt the bird of their choice.

Here our chapter might end, but beside the goose we find her more grave and stiller brother, the SWAN. He is an ideal creation of nature: a water-fowl in the highest perfection, with all that is dignified, beautiful, and full of majesty. The bards of all nations have glorified him; and when they wish to present a perfect image of themselves, they can find no nobler one than the

melodious bird Apollo.* Aristotle asserts that the souls of poets, after death, pass into swans, and retain the gift of harmony which they possessed in their human form.

The Roman myth transformed Phaëton into a swan, placing him among the stars; and the German traditions of the bird are very rich. They speak of swan maidens, but sorceresses may also change themselves into such birds by means of certain charms. One tradition speaks of an enchanted swan knight marrying a Duchess, who became the ancestor of the ducal house of Lorraine.

Have you ever watched the beautiful swan as he proudly and slowly swims through the quiet lake in the stillness of evening? No leaf or wave is moving while the graceful bird silently floats along his solitary course, like some water-spirit, now suddenly disappearing in the shadows, and presently reappearing in renewed splendor. With what lightness, ease and grace he moves away in dazzling, snowy whiteness. Every attitude is striking, and every movement full of noble beauty. According to the traditions of the Northmen, thus he moves in the circles of the Wedarborn, which they esteem the holy stream of Time, and is overshadowed by the branches of Ygdrasil, the tree of the Universe. Beautiful myth of the North! So, also, according to the Roman poet, does the swan lead the car of the sea-born goddess over the waves.† Still more beautiful is the German fiction that swans hover around the heads of their heroes, singing to them, as if summoned to immortality.

When death approaches, the swan pours forth his last breath in enchanting and sublime music. Of course, this is mere fable; still it is most deeply significant, plainly shadowing the presentiment of a *Psyche*, or soul. Thus is created a striking image of that better and immortal state to which we are destined. Even Pythagoras, and Plato in 'Phædon,' with Cicero, seem to have had in mind this sentiment concerning the swan.

The swan's flight — how striking and beautiful! He cleaves the air like a hero and an eagle. A chorus of these flying birds, resounding from on high, is like trumpets heard from afar, whose echoes are borne away on the breeze. This is the swan's song, partly a battle-cry, and a psalm of peace in part. But he loves peace more than strife; quiet enough never to seek dissension, and strong enough never to fly from the attack.

He awaits fearlessly the stroke of the eagle, while his strength and courage make him victorious over the cunning of the fox. He even drags down into the water the gripping wolf, and holds him there. The image is a fine one where Homer compares the Greeks leaving their ships and rushing to the battle, to

'THE milk-white swans in Asines' watery plains,
That o'er the windings of Cäyster's springs
Stretch their long neck and clap their rustling wings;
Now tower aloft, now course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise — with noise the field resounds.'

* Vide HOR. Ode ii. 20.

† HORACE, Ode iii. 23.

I C A R U S .

BY ALFRED C. HILLS.

'How sweet it is to fly! to feel no more
 A cumbrous inclination to the earth,
 With which ambitious will struggles in vain.
 O father mine! oft have I longed to fly
 Up to the spring-renewing Pleiades;
 To smite the liquid sea of heaven with wings,
 And sail beyond the limits of the earth —
 The rocky pillars of strong HERCULES,
 Which he of old built up — the boundary
 Of mortal exploration; far away
 Into illimitable space; to attend,
 With HESPERUS, the foot-steps of the sun;
 To watch, with LUCIFER, AURORA come
 From her bright golden palace, to ascend
 The chariot of wingéd steeds! I've thought
 (Was it presumptuous, father mine?) perchance
 The goddess of the dawn would carry me
 To heaven, that I might be among the gods,
 As she did CLITUS, son of MANTIUS.
 And now, O blissful feeling! I can fly!
 I try these wings and try them not in vain.
 Now is the world beneath me; I behold
 The fading cliffs of chalk-producing Crete,
 And Ida's summits! I will fly away
 To HELIUS, whose face unveiled I see!'

Then DÆDALUS thus answered ICARUS:

'My skill, indeed, hath given us happy wings,
 Whereon we 'scape the wrathful King of Crete,
 Who loaded me with ignominious chains.
 But curb thine ever-vaulting zeal, my son,
 Nor venture in the face of HELIUS
 Too far, lest, envious, he with scorching flames
 Shall melt thy waxéd wings, and headlong thou
 Shalt plunge adown the imponderable air
 To earth; thy ghost descend to PLUTO's realms
 In payment of thy rashness. Not too far!'

But, even as he spake, young ICARUS,
 Unmindful of his warning, flew away

Aslant the air, straight in the unveiled face
Of the all-warming sun. 'O HELIUS!
He cried; O HELIUS! I come! I've played
Oftimes in the warm beams of thy dear light,
And as an eagle longed to soar away.
Receive me now, and not with cruelty,
But let me dwell awhile with thee above,
And walk the brazen concave of the skies!

Then DÆDALUS with terror called to him,
But called in vain; and then, with swifter flight,
Essayed to overtake him, and by force
Restrain his rash, impetuous career.
But ICARUS, with eyes fixed on the sun,
And all unconscious of the vain pursuit,
Sped upward as a bird; for he was moved
By a great all-pervading wish to fly,
And knew not fear. But DÆDALUS, afraid
Lest both should perish in their upward course,
And cumbered with a body heavier,
Was left so far behind, that ICARUS
Appeared to him as only a young dove,
And then a scarce perceptible faint speck
On which he gazed a little moment, then
Could see no more. 'O ICARUS!' he cried,
'O ICARUS! my too-ambitious boy,
Must I now wander o'er the sea alone?
And thy dear corse, sun-slain, unburied, lie
On some wide waste, or sink into the deep?
Better had I remained a slave in Crete;
Better had I not gained of heaven such skill,
Wherewith I made these wings, defying thus
The tyrant's anger and the realms of air,
Wherein no solid foot-hold may be found.
Alas! already have I soared too far
Toward the boundary of the fiery sun;
I feel his great intolerable heat;
And if not instantly I turn adown,
These waxed wings will melt. O JUPITER!
Great father of the gods, have pity thou!
Have pity on poor ICARUS! Farewell,
O ICARUS! dear, lovely son, farewell!'

And then toward the earth turned DÆDALUS,
With tear-wet eyes and grief-encumbered heart.
But HELIUS, burning with envious rage

At the presumptuous flight of ICARUS,
 Darted upon his sides a beam so hot,
 That the frail wax wherewith the feathery wings
 Were joined by DÆDALUS, melted away
 As by a touch of magic! ICARUS,
 Thus left unwinged far in the upper sky,
 Did fall adown the imponderable air
 As falls a stone from off a time-bent tower,
 Calling in vain for pity to the god
 Whom he had thus offended! Down and down
 He sank, until no vital breath remained,
 So swift the horrid fall; and when at last
 He reached the placid surface of the sea,
 He plunged into its watery depths like lead!

Was there among the gods above no one
 To pity him, poor ICARUS! whose fault
 Was that of aspiration for the things
 Which are not of the world — the power to fly,
 And dwell with the immortals?

There was one
 Who pitied ICARUS, whose thoughtful eye
 Grew moist with sympathy as she beheld
 His most disastrous fall. 'O HELIUS!
 She cried, O ever-envious HELIUS!
 Wherefore this cruel deed? Hath ICARUS
 Aught harmful done to us? Can mortal man
 Aspire too high? and are we gods above
 On such a level with our worshippers
 That we must burn with envy of their power?
 Could ICARUS obscure thy rays? Could he
 By his most passionate high flight
 Degrade the state of the immortal gods?'

Thus spake she, blue-eyed ægis-bearing one,
 PALLAS ATHENE, noblest of the powers
 Of high Olympus; she who, loving, led
 ULYSSES through the dangers of the deep,
 Beset of every peril. And straightway
 She did descend into the shadowy sea,
 And spake unto the soul of ICARUS:
 'Thou hast not sinned against the gods in thought
 Or deed, O ICARUS! and cruel he
 Who sought to drive thy shade to PLUTO's realms.
 But I a greater am than he who lights
 The outer world; for I light up the soul
 With wisdom, and the pious love of truth.

I envy not the nobleness of mind
Which mortals may possess ; nor can they aim
Too high to please my fancy, though they fail
Even as thou hast failed. Since thou hast aimed
To fly above the earth, and dwell with gods,
I love thee ! thou art worthy of the skies !
I will replace the wings which thou hast lost ;
Yet not replace them ; for I'll give thee wings
Which *HELIUS* with all his fiery beams
Concentrate cannot melt ! For *DÆDALUS*
Is not so skilled as I ; he gave thee wings
Of mortal manufacture ; but the wings
I give thee are immortal ! Thou shalt fly
Up to the spring-renewing *Pleiades* ;
Shalt smite the liquid sea of heaven with wings,
And sail beyond the limits of the earth —
The rocky Pillars of strong *HERCULES*,
Which he of old built up — the boundary
Of mortal exploration ; far away
Into illimitable space ; shalt 'tend,
With *HESPERUS*, the footsteps of the sun ;
Shalt watch, with *LUCIFER*, *AURORA* come
From her bright golden palace, to ascend
The chariot of wingéd steeds.'

And then

PALLAS ATHENE, daughter of great *Jove*,
Clad him with wings. And straightway he arose
From his moist grave deep-bosomed in the sea,
And flew away among the stars of heaven ;
Flew past the fiery regions of the sun ;
And *HELIUS* in vain poured on his sides
The heat concentrate of his fiercest beams !
And *ICARUS* now dwells among the gods ;
And men have called the shadowy sea wherein
He fell, since then forever by his name.

A M E R I C A N A R T .

LITTLE or nothing is now being done in the studios ; many of our artists have shouldered the musket and gone off to the wars : yet it needs no prophet's ken to foresee that American art will arise from out this political chaos rejuvenated and soar aloft on the expanded wing of the American eagle. This same old eagle, by the way, has had too long a rest, and it is high time he addressed himself to a *coup d'œil* of the most glorious country the sun ever shone upon.

It is not often in the *mêlée*, in the strife, that art is perfected ; it is rather after the turbulent spirit has subsided and the waves of commotion have sobbed themselves into placid rest, that we may expect to realize the beneficial effects of this wholesome electric shock upon national art.

We make bold to urge upon the public the necessity of American art. '*Il n'est pas une luxe — il est une nécessaire :*' the famous rejoinder of Hortense to the busy-body who affected to pronounce upon the superfluity of the *morceaux de vertu* of her boudoir. Apply it to national art. The love of art is the constant craving of the individual soul for those expressions of beauty, truth and goodness so replete in the handiwork of the CREATOR ; a taste for something better than what is merely of the earth, earthy : a penchant for those glorious talismans which out-live time.

National art is but the wholesome food for the aggregate æsthetic want of individuals expressed as one grand whole ; and never was there a time in the annals of our country when art held a more important position than it now does. As the visible record of the standing of a nation speaking a universal language which the whole world understands and which will be equally legible to posterity, it is the voucher for our political integrity, the symbol of our faith, the talisman of immortality distinguishing us from barbarians. Symbolic art is the scutcheon of a nation ; historic art is its record ; landscape and *genre*-painting are its topography and poetry. And is it not a noble work, this catering for the æsthetic food to satisfy the craving for immortality ineradicable in the hearts of men ?

Mutation is the stamp of all things earthly ; yet we none of us care to be covered with the veil of oblivion. This eternal fighting against the transitoriness of time and change constitutes the zest of strife in our ideal lives : yet an 'Old Mortality' is as much needed within our city walls to remove the dust and smoke of Mammon from our national escutcheon as to scrape the moss and lichens from the tomb-stones of our ancestors in the quiet country church-yard. And is not the thought of a grand national art sufficiently glorious to incite us to struggle on through all present trials and discomfitures in order to finally compass so great a blessing ?

Yet these are perilous times for our artist *confrères*. In hours like these, when even moneyed men feel poor, when nothing is ordered, nothing bought, there must necessarily be suffering in the studio ; and the most we can do is

to open our galleries for the exhibition of their works, our pages to speak a genial word of encouragement and hope, and our hearts to a liberal outflow of fraternal sympathy—for art and literature go hand in hand. So we bid our *confrères* of the palette and chisel be of good courage and struggle on, as *we* are struggling. A good time *is* coming for us all as sure as the glorious 'Stars and Stripes' are to forever wave above the old Capitol. American Artists: BE NATIONAL! Rest not satisfied with the rendition of the art of other nations, but depend upon your own identity for immortality. This is the duty you owe the past, the present and the future: it is the duty you owe yourselves and the goddess whom you worship. Frenchmen, Italians and Germans, we welcome you to our shore; but deem not that you have come hither to paint the 'decadence of Rome:' we have no models for you.

Dare to be National! Honestly evolve the spirit, the *genus loci* of the country in which you live. Be true to the indigenous poesy of the soil which cherishes you. Tell some story, record some sentiment which shall fix upon the page of immortality the date of your nativity. By national art we mean the expression of national poesy: and whose fault is it that national art has been no more fostered? We grieve to say that it has been the fault of the American people that they have not *felt* more national. In our greedy pursuit of the 'almighty dollar,' we for a time forgot that we had a country; but it is so no longer. Next, it is the fault of those who have assumed to patronize the fine arts; who pay six thousand dollars for a Meissonnier, but who will not pay six thousand cents for an American *genre*-painting. But shall we *for gold* prostitute our nationality and become the mere servile copyists of the French and German schools, because they are *a la mode*? Have we no individuality—no nationality? A question it is scarcely *safe* to ask amid yon waving banners and beating drums, marshaling troops to the defence of THE UNION.

Tramp! tramp! tramp!
A thousand men or more:
They come like the surging billows
That beat on the rocky shore!

'Now hand me down the rapier
BURGOYNE gave up to GATES,
When Albion said to the Union:
'Be independent States!'

'Go, fetch my rusty rifle,
My moth-eaten coat of gray,
And put up my palette and brushes,
No more can I paint to-day.'

Abandoned the palette and brushes,
The 'mahl-stick' rests on the floor,
As the artist onward rushes
With a thousand men or more!

Tramp! tramp! tramp!
A thousand men or more:
They go, like the surging billows,
That ebb from the rocky shore.

But have we no National Art? Go to the Governor's Room, City Hall: see the revered shades of the 'Heroes of the Revolution,' our 'Statesmen' and 'Warriors;' are they not worthily limned? In the historical *genre* we rank first among the nations of the earth, young as we are in history. See the works of Trumbull, Vanderlyn, Weimar, the venerable Sully, yet living; the elder Jarvis; Catlin, Waldo and Jewett; Inman, Jarvis, Elliott, Huntington, Hicks, Morse, Gray, Mooney, Page, Kellogg and a host of others. And in sculpture, are we so far behind other nations that it can be said we have none? Is not the very presence of *Le Pere de la Patre* in our council-hall a sufficient answer?

The public has a penchant for the landscape *genre*. None need be told that Church is great — that he is national. Has he not given us his 'Niagara' and his 'Heart of the Andes,' and is he not treating us this summer with his refrigerating 'Iceberg?' How those dazzling mountains of ice freeze into the very soul, awing us with the mystic revelations of another sphere! And G. L. Brown, though he has loitered long in the Land of the Vine, comes to us at last with his heart in the right place, and gives us the 'Harbor and City of New York,' the 'Crown of New-England,' and 'Niagara by Moon-light.'

But it is not alone in the historical and landscape *genres* that we must search for the individuality of a nation.

We detect *à l'instant* a French, Italian or German *genre*-painting at a casual *coup d'œil*. Its nationality is insensibly enwrought among the very pigments, becoming inseparable from it. But where, save in the historical and landscape *genres*, can we detect American poesy? And why is this? Must we again ask: have we no nationality; no *manière d'être*; no priceless individuality to evolve and enshrine? Who can mistake one of the little cabinet gems of Edouard Frère? Are not his *petites paysannes* cooking their *bouilli* inimitable? Who so insensible that warms not at Meyer von Bremen's domestic scenes; or who so stolid that thrills not at Carl Hübner's eloquent portraiture of life in Germany?

And have *we* no domestic nationality to evolve? have we no *poesy of home*, whose episodes shall warm the heart and thrill the nation? These are serious questions: questions it is the duty of every conscientious parent, every loyal son and loving daughter to answer. Nationally we have been too rash, toppling down the sacred chimneys of our ancestors, in which the swallows have built their nests for centuries, to erect a shrine to innovation which we mistook for improvement. We have not sufficiently taught the youth of our land to respect the mighty shades of those who have gone before — those dauntless pioneers of our national prosperity. 'Home, sweet home,' is rapidly becoming a myth! Yet, thank God, it is not yet *too late* to retrieve our mighty, our *national* error!

Who is our Meyer von Bremen to depict the poesy of domestic life? Matron! fetch out the ancient spinning-wheel of your ancestress. Nay: blush not that you are descended from those who gloried in being useful. *Utile et dulce* is our motto. Penelope spun, and so did our immortal grandmothers; and thus laid by their industry the foundation of our prosperity. Fetch out

the revered relic; there is poesy in it! Remove with pious care the dust of ages, and let us gaze upon it with an artistic eye.

'At the Spinning-Wheel,' a cabinet gem by a celebrated French artist, a few years ago, brought many thousand francs. Are not *our* spinning-wheels as good models as the French? Are they not as eloquent in their latent poetry? Who will elicit it? There is now in the archives of the New-York State Agricultural Society, in Albany, a curious spinning-wheel, presented by Mrs. Eleanor Fry, upon which she spun twelve linen cambric handkerchiefs, equal in quality to those of European manufacture; and lawn of a fine quality, of which were made dresses. To us, this is a theme worthy of the artist's canvas or the poet's lyre. And must we go to the *past* for themes of poesy? Like dutiful children, *let us go*; and let us look well to our ways that the *future* may with as good a grace *refer to us*:

Roll back the tide of time, and see
How heroes fought and died for thee;
How matrons wove and maidens spun,
And danced at eve when work was done;
Invoke the *past*, with magic spell,
And answer, *dost thou do as well?*

Say you we have no fit subjects for *genre*-painting? Who is our Hübnér, to seize the eloquent brush fraught with latent power, and depict the 'Relief of the Kansas Sufferers?' That memorable scene enacted at Atchinson, Kansas Territory, described by General Pomeroy, in his letter of thanks to Mr. Bryant, Chairman of the Committee of Relief; when a father and his three sons, after journeying thirty miles with their cart and oxen, arrived almost famished, and nearly destitute of clothing; and upon being warmed, and clothed, and seated at a plentiful table, they all wept, *because mother and sisters were starving at home!* Here is a subject rife with as much pathos as the 'Poor Weavers of Silesia,' which threatened a political revolution, and was banished Germany by a *coup d'état*.

Many of Alice Carey's artless poems (*ars celare artem*) are brimming with domestic scene-painting. Take, *par exemple*, the following, wherein she protests against the giving way to secret sorrow, and the cherishing of a selfish grief:

'ARISE, and go about some cheerful chore,
Nor longer give the household cares away
To heavy, slighting hands that love not wool,
Nor pans of milk, nor orchards brimming full
Of streaky apples, nor the fireside play
Of little children — pray thee, smile instead:
MARCELLUS whom thou lovest is not dead.'

Why should *genre*-painting not succeed with us? Have we not as venerable sires, as glorious types of manhood, as dignified matrons, as noble youth, as beautiful maidens, and as lovely infants as other nations? Then, why should there be a dearth of the *depeinture* of the poesy of American homes? Why go to Europe for models when we have them at our own threshold? Our forefathers made sacrifices in subduing and settling this goodly soil, and it is

for their children to perpetuate their spirit by fostering American Art. Let the public set the example of patronizing *genre*-paintings of the American brush, and we will give them a national art to be proud of. We have artists of merit silently struggling in our midst to evolve great thoughts. AMERICANS! will you leave them and their families *to starve*; or worse than that, to *prostitute our nationality for bread*? ART-PATRONS! would you evince your patriotism? lay your gold on the shrine of your country by placing it in the hand of the struggling American artist. ARTISTS! yield not up the sacred heirloom committed to your charge for a mess of pottage; remember that your eloquent brushes are recording the history of a nation.

It is high time we came out boldly, and declared the INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICAN ART!

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET:

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mislike me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

II.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

WHEN it was understood that Charles E. Parkinson was 'going into the street,' as the phrase is, the impression at the same time generally gained ground that the said Parkinson had money at his command: that is, the outsiders thought so, people who were familiar with the name of our firm and its extensive operations, but who were not acquainted with particulars. There were a good many, too, who entertained the idea that my wife left a large property, which I held. The schemes which were in consequence presented on making my appearance among the operators, surprised even me, who was presumed to be well up in all that was going on in the city. Each of these enterprises required but a little money to give them an effectual foothold, and if I would advance it my fortune was assured. One man had a plan for fertilizing the vacant lands on Long Island, which he said could be bought up at ten dollars an acre, and in twelve months sold for at least five hundred dollars. Another owned a coal-mine in Maryland, and desired an advance of only a thousand dollars to enable him to float a company. Another had an improvement scheme at Hoboken, and a third brought me a prospectus for establishing a society for the manufacture of the choicest toilet-soap out of common bar. This last man wanted but a hundred dollars, and if I would raise it, I was to be an equal partner in the business, with a permanent profit insured to me for my share of just ninety dollars a week. Very comfortable. There were also

projects on foot for bringing under cultivation the vast and unexplored regions of Western Virginia, where lands could be had for from three to five cents an acre—title from the State! California had begun that year to tempt adventurers, and there were many schemes presented for traffic there. I was at first completely surrounded by these various applicants, who fastened on me as mosquitoes in a southern clime are said to assail new-comers from the north. Persons at my age are inclined to philosophize, and the first conclusion I arrived at was, that the majority of these individuals were honest, well-meaning enthusiasts, and in no sense sharpers or knaves. They were in the main people who were anxious to make a fortune at a stroke, and who believed they certainly would do so, just as soon as their scheme was taken up. Sometimes I was inclined to envy them the brightness of their prospects, the buoyancy of their hopes, and the elasticity of their natures. No rebuff nor discomfiture affected their spirits; the good day was surely coming, and their eyes brightened and their faces gleamed when they spoke of it. They were sorry, all of them, that I could not see the thing as they did; it was in vain I told them I had no money, and beside, it was out of my line. They knew that I knew where money could be found, and what matter how I made a fortune if it were done honestly: one happy stroke, one single investment, and a comfortable independence would be secured to me for the remainder of my days. Happy men, who see a golden prospect in every thing they undertake, who are discouraged by no disasters, whose ardor is damped by no disappointment; who, just as one project fails, are put in possession of another much more promising, and who live on under the encouragement of expectations the most brilliant and results the most sure. Sometimes people of this class chance on a valuable thing, but they reap little benefit from it. The profits are all absorbed by the capitalists, while they just as eagerly as ever set about some newer enterprise.

But it was not the class of harmless visionaries alone who beset me. I have already mentioned that the room I occupied was one of a suit taken by a newly launched coal company. This company occupied three apartments, expensively fitted up, with every appliance for facilitating transactions in their stock. As you entered, the first object which met your eye was the 'transfer desk,' behind which stood a handsome young man, fashionably dressed, apparently occupied with the books. You passed on along a line of counters, until you reached room number two, in which the company held their meetings. On one side of this was a very neat office for the President; on the other side was the little room which had been rented to me. The Concordia Valley Coal Company—such was its corporate name—was evidently preparing for large operations; certainly from appearances there could be no lack of subscriptions or of paid-up capital. It was therefore with some considerable surprise on the first morning after taking possession of my office, that I received an invitation from the President to step into his private room. Accordingly, I followed the gentleman into his special apartment, which I found admirably carpeted and fitted up. On one side was a handsome lounge covered with morocco, on the other an expensive desk, with an arm-chair to match, besides a full supply of

smaller furniture displayed around the room. There was a handsome map of the Concordia coal region on the wall, and several smaller ones, showing with picturesque effect the practical workings of this particular company in the famous Concordia Valley. Here was presented a section of the remarkable mine itself, where were toiling hundreds of men, all visible to the naked eye, getting out coal. An expensive double-track rail-road received the product of various tram-roads, and, as per map number two, conveyed it to several first-class steamers, all the property of the Company, and which lay at a fine dock near by on an expansive sheet of water, with steam on, and only waiting for the balance of the freight to proceed to New-York and report to the accomplished gentleman in whose presence I was. The gentleman himself was in perfect keeping with these surroundings. He might have been five-and-thirty, very handsomely but not foppishly dressed, if I may except a rather prominent display of a heavy gold watch-chain. His manner was easy, frank, and off-hand. He was one of those who always seem to manifest a magnetic appreciation of the position of every person he is brought in contact with, and at the same time to enter with an active sympathy into the presumed cares and annoyances of each.

As we came into the room Mr. Tremaine closed the door very carefully, asked me to be seated on the lounge, wheeled his large chair, which worked on the rotary principle, close to me; crossed his legs, swayed himself gently once or twice about the segment of a quarter of a circle, then bringing himself to a stand-still, with an arm resting on each arm of the chair, he commenced the conversation.

'Excuse my laying hold of you thus early, Mr. Parkinson,' he began; 'but I wished to talk with you about the prospects of our Company before you become interested in any other enterprise. To be perfectly frank with you, I instructed Sewall (he was the broker through whom I rented my office) to give you that little room at half-price, because I wanted you near us, Mr. Parkinson. I wanted to reap some benefit from your great and varied business experience, and I am sure you will excuse the little stratagem, since it has given you a very cheap rent, and as I avow the truth so frankly, you can hardly fear the effect of so direct an attempt on you.'

Mr. Tremaine paused as if to give additional force to his air of sincerity. For myself, I could only bow a pleasant acquiescence to his statement and wait quietly for what was to come.

'Now, Mr. Parkinson,' he continued, 'you understand the difficulty in *starting* any valuable enterprise. We have got on thus far better even than could be expected. But we must now make an extraordinary effort, and it is on this point that I wish to bring you into our consultations. Of course, you will consider whatever is said as strictly confidential. I am sure I can rely on you.'

It seemed to me as if this was a proper time to interrupt Mr. Tremaine's 'confidential' communication. So I stopped him as he was about to proceed, and began to explain that in coming into Wall-street I had but one object in view, and proposed to myself but one way to compass it. I had determined to ad-

here to a single business; and since I had positively no money to invest in any enterprise, my time must be devoted to this one.

I was proceeding still further, when Mr. Tremaine in his turn interrupted me with: 'Really, Mr. Parkinson, you quite mistake me. Do not suppose for an instant that I have the least idea of presenting any thing to you which shall take your money or more of your time than you are quite willing to bestow. Do you think, even if I were disposed to draw in any human being, and God knows nothing is further from my thoughts, that I should begin with an old, experienced New-York merchant? No, no, not quite that. So I am sure you will at least give me a hearing.'

Thereupon Mr. Tremaine went on to explain how the Company had control of seven thousand acres of choice bituminous coal-lands located within three miles of navigable waters, to which by an easy and level access a rail-road could be built at a small expense. The coal was of the best quality: so good that the Cunard Company was ready to enter into a contract to take their whole supply from the Concordia Valley Company as soon as it was ready to furnish it. From further explanations of Mr. Tremaine, it appeared that the capital of the Company was two millions of dollars. Of this, one million four hundred thousand dollars were represented by the seven thousand acres of land which the proprietors generously put at the very low sum of two hundred dollars per acre. Three hundred thousand dollars were appropriated as active capital for the building of the rail-road and a wharf, and opening the mine; and the remaining three hundred thousand dollars were held for a reserve fund. It was further explained to me in the strictest confidence, too, that the stock of the Company was already quoted at the Board through the influence of one of the members, who was to be interested in the future operations, and that as a matter of policy, considerable transactions were carried on from time to time and the stock allowed to fluctuate two or three per cent with the hope after a while of getting outsiders to take hold of it. This Mr. Tremaine admitted was rather expensive, since it would not do to let the small brokers who were intrusted with the purchases and sales into the secret, so every transaction cost the Company at least one eighth per cent and sometimes a quarter. Still this was the only way. Indeed, could the Company now raise the trifling sum of fifty thousand dollars, the rail-road could be built and coal actually sent to market! The moment traffic was reported, a dividend could be declared, if necessary, out of the reserve stock, and sufficient of the two millions launched on the street to make the Company perfectly easy in its transactions and the projectors rich men.

Up to this point it did not transpire what was to be my own special agency in bringing about so pleasing a consummation. But I was not long to remain in ignorance or suspense. For Mr. Tremaine, after one of his impressive pauses, continued in this wise:

'Now, Mr. Parkinson, I think I have succeeded in satisfying you that our enterprise is strictly a legitimate one: that is, it can stand on its intrinsic merits and on strict commercial principles. The lands are worth all that is claimed for them. The expense of transportation can be calculated to a penny.

We know just what it costs to deliver the coal on board the steamers, and what it will bring in New-York. And you must be convinced that when we are in full operation, we can readily divide from ten to fifteen per cent on our capital of two millions. Now, I repeat my object is to interest you in this great enterprise. Perhaps you will say if such are its advantages, why have not the capitalists taken hold of it? My dear Sir, do you think I would present it to *them*? Why, I could raise what money we required in half an hour, but they would insist on the lion's share — you know it is so — and lick up all the profits, and leave us just where we begun. No, no, we can't quite stand that, but we are willing to divide fairly with those who help to raise the necessary funds; and my proposition is, that I will issue to you a hundred thousand dollars of our stock, for which you shall raise us ten thousand dollars cash: in other words, you get your stock for ten cents on the dollar. The Company will guarantee that every dollar of this money shall be employed for the building of the road, and you must agree not to put your stock in the market except in conjunction with our own operations, *pro rata*, the usual way, you know.'

'But, my dear Sir, I have just explained to you that I have no money to invest —'

'And I,' interrupted Mr. Tremaine, 'assured you that we did not want *your* money. But you have a large circle of influential friends, Mr. Parkinson, who will be only too happy to take a thousand or two dollars at par on your recommendation. Why, as money is now working, I have no doubt you can raise the whole sum in a week, and see what a brilliant stroke it will be for you. I know what you are thinking about,' continued this frank and earnest-hearted man; 'the affair strikes you as too good. I know it, but I can't help it — there it is. We have got the lands: that is the point, and we are willing to dispose of five hundred thousand dollars at ten per cent, rather than give up to the capitalists. We shall still retain the three hundred thousand dollars as a reserve fund. Now you have it all in the strictest confidence — do not forget, Mr. Parkinson, in the strictest confidence.'

Reader, there is something fascinating and most pleasantly bewildering in these charming schemes which promise so golden a future. As the weary and thirsty traveller in the desert is constantly allured to various quarters of the horizon by images of shady groves and cool fountains, so in the great desert which poverty creates, there is ever present the same wonderful mirage where the poor wretch sees again a happy home and the return of life's pleasurable luxuries, and enjoys in prospect his seasons of ease. We are tenacious in our memories of past good fortune, and are apt to be desperate in our attempts to regain it. The man who has lost his property walks moodily along of an afternoon, and sees his old acquaintances driving out for an airing on the avenues. The very posture which these people innocently enough adopt, annoys and irritates him. The quiet but very conscious *abandon* of mamma and her daughter, the not easy but entirely self-satisfied air of papa as he folds his arms and looks with careless unconcern upon vacancy, while the coachman, carriage and horses are in perfect keeping with the pose of master and mistress. Well, what wonder that the unfortunate are willing to attempt much and venture much to regain

their lost position ; what wonder that they desperately grasp at the phantoms which allure them with promises of renewed fortunes ?

While the last tones of Mr. Tremaine fell on my ear, the room seemed to dance round and round, and the maps of the Concordia Valley Coal Company were converted into one grand, magnificent tableau, revolving swiftly but growing larger and brighter each revolution. Ninety thousand dollars of the stock ! Ten per cent dividend ! A clear rental of nine thousand dollars per annum ! Why not ? The most successful enterprises are from small and difficult beginnings. . . . The bland tones of Mr. Tremaine once more fell on my ear and recalled me to myself. "I perceive, Mr. Parkinson, that you are carefully considering this matter. Do n't let me press you to a decision : take time and think the affair over, and if any question arises, or any objections to the plan occur to you, let me hear them frankly, and I am certain I can fully satisfy you.

I had recovered myself. Instead of the nine thousand dollars a year dividends from coal stock, the more practical and pressing requirement of five dollars a day rose up to view. But while I had too much sagacity not to understand the absolutely chimerical nature of these propositions, yet, so much do we love to cheat ourselves with some sweet delusion, I did not decline his proposition : I even said I would consider it ; and I left Mr. Tremaine's office feeling as if I was in some sort a man of substance, with an option at my disposal and a considerable stake in the valuable coal regions of Concordia Valley.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

RETURNING home that afternoon, after my first day's trial, Alice ran to open the door.

'How much have you made, Papa ?' she exclaimed in a confident tone.

I kissed her, and answered as cheerfully as possible : 'I declare, Alice, one would think it was little Anna talking, instead of a grown-up girl. Patience : it will take a week or two at least for me to get to work, and then you may expect to hear something.'

'What a goose I am ! I ought to have known that. But we have been talking so much about Wall-street that I suppose I was calculating on your picking up money there. Never mind, the best dinner you have had for a long time is ready this minute. It is in honor of your commencing business again. Ah ! papa, how happy I am !' and humming a favorite air, she pushed me into the room, where I was seized by the two younger children, and dragged to the table. My felicity at that moment was supreme. I was honestly grateful to God who had so ordained it, that the wealth of the heart, like the riches of free grace, was open to all who chose to cultivate the treasure.

What binds us so to our children ; what binds them so to us ? It is, aside from instinctive attachment, which amounts to but little, because we regard each other always and invariably in the strong light of affection, which makes us alive to whatever is pleasing, and good, and charitable toward any thing which is the reverse in our conduct or dispositions. Now, could this be ex-

tended outside the circle of our homes, what a change would come over the form and habit of this old world! It would not be a bad state of things, would it, where every man regards his neighbor with kindness and good-will; always recognizing what is good in him, and always considerate toward what is reprehensible? Would it not seem strange to see every body turning short about, and trying to help every body in every possible way? Delane says it wouldn't pay; but Delane is mistaken; it would pay in the long run, but selfish people can't be made to understand it.

I soon found myself beset with a crowd of the smallest kind of note-brokers, or rather of runners, if I may use the term, who, believing that I could command more or less cash, attempted to put off on me all sorts of worthless paper. Most of our readers are doubtless entirely ignorant of the various expedients employed to raise the wind, as it is called, by the unscrupulous and the desperate. Frequently, where a sale would be impossible, they attempt to borrow a comparatively small sum on a large amount of notes, or acceptances; the lender, unless very shrewd and experienced, being seduced by the great margin into the belief that the loan will certainly be taken up, and his heavy 'shave' secured. But the auspicious day never arrives. The operator having borrowed three or four hundred dollars, on as many thousands of 'collaterals,' takes no further trouble about the loan, but immediately procures a fresh supply of 'paper,' for the signatures cost him nothing, being executed perhaps by some relation who is 'under age,' or some mythical personage, so obscure that he may with impunity defy civil process.

Finding after repeated efforts that nothing was to be made out of me, these people let me alone. Meanwhile, I had myself something to do beside beating off applicants for my supposed capital. I found after considerable observation that what was called first and second-class paper was readily disposed of at a current rate, while lower grades were difficult to negotiate, and depended on the brokers finding some person who happened to know the parties, and was satisfied of their position. There are, however, individuals in Wall-street who seldom purchase any thing better than third-class paper, taking pains to inform themselves specially about it. Such invariably charge two per cent a month, and from that *up*, and thus accumulate large fortunes. It may seem strange to you, reader, but it is nevertheless true, that there are men who spend their whole lives in Wall-street, and who do nothing else but buy notes. They come in early and go out late. Their time is occupied in making fresh inquiries, and in haggling about the rate per cent. You can to-day see these persons, if you will take the trouble to station yourself on the spot, and I predict you will behold what will deeply interest you. Wait a few moments near this corner, and you will not be disappointed. There he comes, passing thoughtfully along the street. He has the appearance of a man laden with many cares. Look at him! He is respectably encased in a moderately worn suit of black. His head inclines forward; his eye has become stony; his nose pointed; his chin angular; his cheeks rigid; his lips wooden; his mind, alas! he has no longer any mind, but in place of mind he possesses an instinct

so subtle and acute that it will detect a piece of 'made' paper in the very curl of the signature. As to his soul, ah! God, how rayless and emotionless it is! Go to this man with something which does not exactly suit him, he will catechise you half-an-hour, putting questions which nothing but a great hope of ultimate success induces you to tolerate, when just as you are expecting a check for the desired amount, he tells you quietly he does not want the paper. This person sympathizes with no human being. He has not a single human attribute left. 'Does he never,' you ask, 'in some silent, solitary moment, perchance during some wakeful hour by night; does he *never* think of the time when he was a child, and learned to lisp his prayers, and repeat his little hymns; or later when he was at school, playing as other boys play; or when he married that tender young girl, to whom he promised so much before heaven, and whom he has since killed by his hard, stony nature?' No; he never does! Such terrible compensation does PROVIDENCE exact for this entire surrender to mammon. If you wish to see more of this sort, go and take a seat for an hour or two in one of the many small note-brokers' offices, which now abound, and watch the arrival of others of these paper-sharks. They come in hungry, eager, sharp, to hear and see what new offers. They have a large capital, perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars, invested in notes, or represented by securities, which can be converted into cash in twenty-four hours, should it be required to buy more paper with. They are always mousing about to pick up the note of some good mechanic, who they know for certain reasons is then hard-up, and who is willing to bleed freely rather than to fail in a contract. Thus they drain the life-blood of the industrious; and compounding their profits day after day, they work at their disreputable business till death, who always wins in the end, overtakes them, and they are cut short in their cold-blooded and wicked work. I am of opinion that money should command, like any other commodity, its market value, yet it is unlike any other, since it is the standard of value of all commodities, and cannot be the subject of sale, but only of hire, and the rules which control it depend on many contingencies, which prove unfortunate for the borrower. It is an undeniable fact, the man who drives the *trade* of usurer has been branded as ignominious from the earliest history of civilized transactions to the present time. And there is no occupation which so darkens the soul, blunts the affections, shuts out all that is human, and retains all that is selfish and devilish, as that of the man who devotes himself to accumulating by usurious gains. I speak from what I have seen and known. By-and-by I may endeavor to remark at some length on the comparative influence of various occupations on the character. But to proceed with the narrative.

Pursuing my inquiries, I found it was the habit with many of our best merchants, whenever they had more money on hand than they had occasion for, to buy first-class paper as an investment; such merchants generally made their purchases through one broker, who regarded them as his constituents. Then there were capitalists who usually invested in stocks, or bonds and mortgages, yet who from time to time, as favorable opportunities presented, made large purchases of commercial paper. The banks too in easy seasons were

bidders. But between the better grades of paper and the poorer a great gulf is fixed. The first, as I have said, goes at market value; the latter, having no market value, affords rare chances for cut-throat rates.

Such, then, was the sea on which I was to adventure; and Saturday morning, which would complete my first week in the street, found me without having made a single negotiation, or having earned a single dollar. During this week I had had no conversation with Sol. Downer. It is true I met him several times, but I thought he rather avoided me. At any rate, I did not feel inclined to cultivate a greater intimacy with him, and perhaps he perceived it. On this Saturday morning, coming into my office a little past eleven o'clock, after a few moments' absence, I found him standing in the centre of the room, as if impatient for my return. I don't know why, but I was annoyed at the sight of him. Perhaps I remembered our last conversation, and thought of my ill-success during the week. Perhaps I had formed some inchoate resolution to rather avoid Downer as an unlucky associate. Whatever it was, I repeat, I was annoyed at seeing him stand there, and I believe my countenance showed it. If it did, Solomon Downer took no notice of it, but approached me hurriedly as I entered, and placing a note in my hand, exclaimed: 'Take that over to the Bank of Credit; they'll do it for you, and we will divide the commission.'

I looked at the note, and found it was for over four thousand dollars. The makers I did not know, although I recognized the indorsers as highly respectable.

'Why do you hesitate?' said Downer who saw I made no haste to carry out his suggestion.

'I do not know the paper,' was my reply, 'and ——'

'Supposing you don't,' said my visitor impatiently, 'what the devil has that to do with it if the Bank *does* know it?'

I suppose I colored at this rough answer, for Downer instantly added in a milder tone: 'For heaven's sake make haste, Parkinson. I *must* make a little money to-day. I can keep this note just fifteen minutes and no longer. I know that the Bank of Credit has plenty of money. I know too that this is just such paper as they want. It is offered at seven per cent, and a quarter per cent commission. That's but a trifle, but it's quick done.'

By this time I fully understood the matter, and turning, started off immediately for the Bank. Downer ran after me, and called out, as I got near the stairs: 'Try them at six per cent; that's all money's worth, and this is A 1, and no mistake.' I walked rapidly along toward the Bank, not quite satisfied I was going on a successful errand, since I was not acquainted with the names of the makers of the note, yet having a sort of confidence in the unqualified assertion of Downer. The President was fortunately in, I handed him the little 'piece of paper,' saying, I believed it would be acceptable. He looked at it, turned it over to regard the indorsement, and said quietly: 'We will pass this for you, Mr. Parkinson.'

'At six per cent?'

'We will say six-and-a-half.' Thereupon he rose, and stepped to the dis-

count-clerk, said a word to him, came back, remarking, 'He will tell you the amount in a few moments,' and resumed his occupation, while I went round to the clerk's counter to wait for the computation.

We are weak creatures. I cannot describe the almost delirious happiness of that moment. The gratitude I felt toward the President was extravagant, unbounded. In truth, however, I had conferred a favor on the Bank, as well as receiving one myself, by taking them a prime note when they had idle surplus funds. But I was too much elated to look at the affair in that light. I flattered myself that something of my old influence was left; at any rate, that the President regarded me with especial favor and kindness. I ought to have remembered that when money is abundant the faces of bank officers are wreathed in smiles, and they seem to be your fast friends forever-and-a-day. But when money is in demand, wonderful is their altered demeanor: strange how they forget you.

In ten minutes I was on my way back, with the money in my hand. I found Downer pacing up and down the room in a state of great excitement.

'Have you got it?' he exclaimed.

'Yes.'

'Good God! you don't say so; but I knew they would jump at it. Here just give me the amount, less discount and commission. I have calculated it while you were gone, and I will come back presently, and we can then divide. Thereupon I handed him the required sum, and he ran off at great speed. Meanwhile, I sat down to count the treasure in hand, and which on Downer's return we were to share. How much larger this looked than the four thousand four hundred dollars, which I had surrendered! The quarter per cent commission amounted to eleven dollars and ten cents. It was a four months note, and the difference between seven and six-and-a-half per cent was seven dollars and forty cents. Total, eighteen dollars and fifty cents. My half, nine dollars and a quarter. I was in the midst of this pleasing computation when Sol. Downer returned, still much excited, with the appearance of a man who had ventured on a great risk, and had had a narrow escape. I could not help feeling that there was some mystery about the affair. Considering poor Downer's unfortunate reputation, how did he come by a first-class note, one which any banker would be ready to take? Who would employ him on such a service? These thoughts were passing through my mind while I was busy ascertaining the profits of the transaction, and which his return interrupted, as I have just observed. He came in, sat down, took off his hat, and with his handkerchief wiped away the perspiration which stood thick on his forehead.

'I wonder what that famous house would say if they knew I had negotiated one of their notes?' and he laughed significantly.

I made no reply.

'Wouldn't you like to know how I got hold of it?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Well, I had got desperate. It was Saturday, and I must take home four or five dollars, so I went in to Brest and Company's, and asked them if they had any big notes of A 1 houses, as I knew an individual who would like to

invest four or five thousand dollars. I saw the list, and a young man who stood by gave me permission to look over the paper. I asked the best rate for the note I brought you, for I knew the Bank of Credit would discount it if offered by a respectable party, and found I could get a quarter per cent out of it, beside the legal rate. I told the young man I would return in fifteen minutes with the money, and to tell you the truth, Parkinson, I brought away the note without his knowing it.'

'Good Heavens! it is not possible.'

'Oh! it is very possible, and when *you* come to be driven from one corner to another, you will be surprised what expedients you will resort to, to keep from starving. Yes, a man will venture a good deal before he will let—*women and children go hungry.*'

'But finish your story.'

'Certainly. You know what took place with you. We did make first-rate work of it. I was absent from Brest and Company's just twenty minutes. Was n't there a storm brewing up there? Fortunately they had discovered the note was missing only five minutes before. Every thing was in confusion. Of course I was the vagabond who had abstracted it. The young man was saying he gave me no permission even to look at the paper; only at the list. Another minute a police-officer would have been on my track. I stepped coolly in with the money in my hand. Cash has a soothing influence. I marched up boldly to the desk of the principal. 'I promised,' said I, 'to return in fifteen minutes. I am five minutes behind my time. Here is a statement of the discount and commission, (I had prepared it while you were at the bank, you know,) and here is the money.' Old Brest is too shrewd a man to get up a row when there is nothing to quarrel about, and no harm done. So without saying one word, he took the money and the statement, compared the latter with his own memorandum, and after two or three minutes growled out, 'All right,' and I quit. Close shaving though; would n't like to try it again.'

'But tell me why did you do such a thing? You committed a criminal act.'

'Ay! that's the talk,' exclaimed Downer, 'of you respectable people. Criminal offence! Do you suppose, had I missed seeing you, I would have failed to run back with the note? And having got the money, did I not hasten to hand it over? Wait a little, and see if you will tread always on velvet scruples. Do n't I know Old Brest? Do n't I know how he made a smash-up ten years ago, and how he got started in this business, in which he's coining money? Oh! yes, it's all correct with him, but I am a damned scoundrel, of course.'

I saw that Downer was getting into his old strain of bitterness, and I endeavored to say what would soothe him. In this I partially succeeded. And then I showed him the exact amount I had, and handed him nine dollars and a quarter as his share. Sol. Downer would not take it. 'What I want,' he said, 'is five dollars and fifty-five cents. I have nothing to do with what you have made by getting the note done at a better rate. My offer was discount at seven per cent, and divide commission with you. Won't take it,' he persisted. 'This serves me for to-day. If it did n't, I would not mind, under the circumstances, borrowing a couple of dollars of you.' So saying, he left

the room, leaving the balance of the money on the table. In this way my share was increased to twelve dollars and ninety-five cents. How *good* it looked as I counted it over and over. Reader, do you think I was beside myself? I, who all my business-life was dealing in thousands and tens of thousands, yes hundreds of thousands, to be thus carried away by the sight of twelve dollars and ninety-five cents in hand? If you do, you know little of the 'uses of adversity.' Never did money seem so sweet as that. I had *earned* it—the very first gains since my great break-down. In former business operations, when I made large profits, they went into the general account, and were to be sure, so much to the credit of our concern. But this twelve dollars and ninety-five cents I could touch, I could handle. I could calculate what it would pay, how far it would go. I thought how pleased Alice would be; for she had delicately forbore to question me after that first day when I led her not to expect any thing for a week or two. Then my thoughts ran back to the operation of the morning. It struck me it would be dangerous to have any more business with Downer. Yet had it not been for him I should not now be rejoicing. Had he not acted honorably, nay, generously with me? Was not his condition rather that of an unfortunate wretch at bay with the odds against him? After a while, I took my hat, went into the street, and talked pleasantly with several acquaintances about affairs. Then I walked back to my office, ate the lunch which Alice always prepared for me, and determined to give myself a holiday for the remainder of the afternoon. Descending, I indulged in a glass of ale; I purchased a few figs for Charlie, some raisins for Anna, and a bunch of grapes to 'divide.' For Alice I bought a pair of small side-combs, which I knew she wanted very much. Thus equipped, I turned into Broadway, and joined the crowd of human beings which throng this extraordinary thoroughfare. It has since occurred to me how entirely we are carried away with what is immediately present. The fortunate circumstance of making a small sum after a week of fruitless exertion seemed for the moment to dispel all anxiety for the future. I felt very comfortable, and returned the salutations of my acquaintances with a feeling of quiet assurance. Thus I strolled along until I came opposite my old house. I stopped and looked at it a moment, and went on. I had triumphed. I had no regrets. I felt in my soul that what I had passed through, and what I was to encounter in the future, would give to me a moral strength, and truer ideas of life and its purposes. So I went away from the spot where I had enjoyed so much of this world's good, and continuing my walk, at length turned the corner near my house. The two younger children were playing on the steps, there being no school on Saturday. They ran joyfully to greet my unexpected arrival. Going in, I summoned Alice, who was assisting in preparation for the dinner. Sitting down near the table, I produced my little store. 'Papa has treated himself,' I said, 'to a part of a holiday, and there is something to show he has not forgotten the children.' Alice received the combs as a token of good fortune, the rest were quietly at work with the fruit.

'You have made some money, I know you have by your looks, papa. And it's only a week!'

E P I T H A L A M I U M .

BY JOEL BENTON.

HAIL morn! that kissest the amber sky,
Drown in pale fires your rosy gates ;
A happy lover draweth nigh,
A happy maid his coming waits.

Bright sun that smilest from the blue,
On silver axles draw the hours ;
The sweetest girl I ever knew
To-day puts on the orange flowers.

Sweet omens stir the luscious air,
The fragrant winds waft spice and balm.
O winter day! how strangely fair!
So May-like, sunny, soft and calm.

O robin! singing in the tree,
Thy rich melodious roundel sing ;
Flood this fond day with melody
That borders on the coast of spring.

Out in the wide cold world she goes,
A thorny way for tender feet :
O bridegroom! guard the dainty rose,
Whose life thy life doth make complete.

For she hath walked in petted ways,
In sunny paths been kept and led ;
Shield her, that in life's toilsome race
She be not rudely buffeted.

Now kindly mingle, cup of fate,
Prepared for her through future years ;
With love's wild draught intoxicate,
Pour in the joys, dip out the tears.

Shower both, good fortune, with thy smiles,
Be heavenly benedictions sent ;
Waft them unto the golden isles
Of holy joy, peace and content.

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR:

WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

'DULCE et decorum est, pro patria mori.'

ALREADY in the midst of an enthusiasm for war hitherto unknown in the world's history, while grand armies are preparing for a great and what may prove the bloodiest battle on record, while ACTION is the cry which resounds from one end of the country to the other; there are individuals over the land who are busy enumerating causes and results in sermons, essays, lectures and speeches. We are told (as if the matter required any sagacity) what has led to the present state of things, and we are also informed what is likely to flow from it. 'There is,' says Solomon, 'a time to every purpose under heaven.' But the present is not the time to discuss the reason why, the cause direct or the cause secondary. 'All that a man hath will he give for his life;' and when he finds such ample concessions are about to fail, he will be very apt to fight: in fact, he *will* fight. And in that desperate struggle he will pay little attention to the person who stands by preaching a homily over the causes which led to his awkward predicament, or uttering speculations about the upshot of it. Not but what these are all very well in their place, but they are foreign to the immediate matter in hand, which matter is sharp, instant, pressing, and requires to be kept closely in view, and never for a moment obscured by extraneous issues or counter-currents. Something vital it must be, absolutely vital, which should rouse a NATION. Which should lead to the uprising of a *whole* people. An intelligent people, thoroughly educated, accustomed to think for themselves, and to discuss understandingly all the political questions of the day. A people divided in opinion: divided on the slavery question, divided on the tariff question, divided on the territorial question, divided as to what should be our foreign policy, divided on the subject of our foreign population. In fact, so divided into parties and cliques that it requires an active and watchful observer to keep the run of all of them; divided in a way to provoke jealousy, rancor, party strife, bitterness, hatred. Therefore, when we witness the sublime spectacle of all these parties, sects, cliques and societies, suddenly stopping short, turning, embracing each other, forming under one banner for a common purpose, we know that purpose *must be* a solemn, an awful one. And we say to the essayists, and lecturers, and philosophers aforesaid: 'Away, triflers; stand aside, and let the people finish the work they have in hand. *Vox populi, vox Dei!*'

We have placed at the head of this article: 'What we are fighting for.' But we do not presume to instruct the people on this subject. They know very well what. It is they who instruct us. From their practical teachings we make up our argument; an argument for the nations of the earth who stand

by, august spectators ; an argument for our own support and encouragement, one which

‘MAY assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.’

We observe, then, it is a matter distinctly understood that we are fighting to prevent the extinction of this Republic. Its extinction ; for to disintegrate is to destroy it. No one pretends to deny this. Indeed, it has already been declared in Europe, that the ‘Great Republic’ no longer exists. We are fighting to give the lie to this assertion. We are fighting to maintain in its integrity a Government which the prudence, and sagacity, and wisdom of our fathers established after years of privations, of trials, and extraordinary perils ; which was consecrated by their lives and sealed with their blood.

It makes no sort of difference *now* what statesmen and politicians may argue as to the right of one of these United States to ‘secede.’ [As if a nation ever made provision for its own dissolution, or enacted a statute authorizing *felo de se*.] It makes no sort of difference whether or not by the letter of the Constitution that question is definitely settled beyond a cavil. [Yet who can have forgotten the unanswerable arguments of Daniel Webster on these points?] The people, to whom as a jury the question of the right of secession has been submitted, for them to determine *both the law and the fact*, have declared against the right, and immediately prepare to sustain their verdict by force of arms — that *ultima ratio* which overrides all logic and all argument, paying little attention to set forms and legal dicta. Our Chief-Justice lately put on his spectacles, and read the President an opinion about the writ of Habeas Corpus. He might as well proceed to Fortress Monroe, and read the riot act.

We accept the fact that we are at war, and that war entails a multitude of evils. Besides the moral evils, over which the clergy are so eloquent that we shall not be apt to lose sight of them, there are great commercial evils. Prostration of business, mercantile distress and failures, general confusion in affairs by the interruption of the ordinary channels of trade, and so forth and so forth. In going to war the nation have accepted these as unavoidable. This certainly presents a gloomy state of things, and the prospect may be even more gloomy before it is brighter. Let us see what we have meantime for our encouragement and consolation.

In the first place, could we have helped being drawn into this contest? If we could, then we have room for regret, bitter, lasting regret.

Suppose we had yielded at first to the wishes of the seven seceded States. Suppose satisfactory treaties were made, (yet how absurd the supposition!) and all peacefully consummated. Congress meets again. Virginia, and North-Carolina, and Tennessee are represented there, with other States who sympathized with the seceders. The session would be a stormy one. Something transpires which does not suit the representatives from those States. They claim to have their way, demand further concessions, and threaten what they would have a right to threaten — to join the ‘Southern Confederacy’ — and having admitted that right, we could not help ourselves. What a humiliating

spectacle! A nation suddenly become emasculate and imbecile: a subject for the just contempt and scorn of the whole world. The right to secede granted, there would be nothing left of us. We should become so powerless that, as in the case of the sick lion, every donkey would lift his heel against us. Why, even as it was, while men of shallow intellects were misled by the extraordinary forbearance of the people into the belief that treason would triumph, the Mayor of the city of New-York, yes, the Mayor of this great and mighty emporium, the glory and the pride of the *whole* country, had the audacity to propose it should separate itself from the State, and erect itself into a 'free city!' Behold the incipient fruits of peaceable separation.

Think you we went to war an hour too soon?

Some may talk of the unhappy reverses which will befall so many individuals; but think of the total reverse of a nation, and the calamities which would flow from it for generations. The hope of all lovers of freedom over the whole world extinguished, the Temple of Liberty overthrown, the inhabitants of the land disunited and scattered, never again to re-form, because the only institution, which by the judgments of the best and the wisest could serve to uphold the cause of humanity, has proved powerless to withstand the storm.

Think you we went to war an hour too soon?

The war is a necessity, and necessity is a great consoler. Blessings accompany its enforcements. As the character of a man becomes dignified by his pursuits, so the moral tone of a nation is elevated by what it undertakes. The man who devotes himself unselfishly to a noble object becomes thereby ennobled, and a people who stop at no sacrifice in their country's cause become heroic. It is those who battle against difficulties and become inured to dangers and privations, who grow strong and resolute. On the other hand, the enervating calm of commercial prosperity breeds luxurious weakness, effeminacy and corruption in the nation itself. And in this light we ought to welcome what our sympathizers call our 'hour of adversity.' 'Adversity!' God be praised for it! The nation can only become strong and heroic under hardship and trial and desperate extremity. First, we may see a portion of our superfluous wealth departing. 'Let it go,' we exclaim. Then follows the entire loss of fortune: be it so. Then a near and dear relative is slain in battle. We consecrate the offering with prayer and supplication, and as each successive sacrifice is made we grow more resolute and self-reliant: our senses become brighter, our views clearer: the old crust is thrown off, and we rise mighty in physical and moral strength; we look back on our previous state, disgusted at its weakness and insipidity. We go on, persist, endure and conquer. Ah! how we shall love the cause for which we have borne so much. How will this new baptism endear it to all our hearts. The children who in our streets go through their mimic performances of defending the capital and putting to flight the rebels who threaten it, learn lessons of patriotism which will not die with them. These will be taught in turn to *their* children as reminiscences of our country's great ordeal.

However severe, then, the contest is to bear on us, we shall gain new life,

new power, new dignity in it. But, while it is not well to underrate the difficulties which we must encounter, we need not overrate them. If the war, as we hope, shall prove a short one, our perplexities will be brief. If long, then business will presently revive on a new basis: trade will seek new channels, following always the law of demand and supply; the war will give employment a new direction; our farmers will reap abundant returns for the products of the fields, and a comparatively short time will see affairs working into regular and active routine. The cities of the North will have a largely increased trade, and New-York will enter on a period of commercial prosperity hitherto unknown in her history. Who lives a few months will witness this, and also behold the commencement of a new season of healthful, vigorous progress. The war is not to weaken or impoverish us, it will enrich and make us strong. It will deplete the capitalist and circulate his wealth among hundreds of thousands. A new energy will prevail. The nation, purged of treason, its insulted majesty vindicated, will resume its grand march, chastened into a divine harmony of action.

A word about our foreign relations. We are exhibiting altogether too much nervousness on the subject. We are manifesting our usual sensitiveness which borders on the ridiculous. We accuse England with not sympathizing with us, intimating that we are forced into a war to defend the very principle which England has so long herself combated for, and now she leaves us in the lurch. This is sheer nonsense—we had almost said pusillanimity. We know it, and England knows it. We are forced into war to save our Government—our existence as a nation, and it is puerile as well as undignified to put the issue on any other ground. We must not expect more of a nation than of an individual. When some calamity or crisis overtakes a man, nine out of ten of his quondam friends carefully consider their own interests, and govern themselves toward him accordingly. *England will carefully consider her own interests, and govern herself accordingly.* A wise and prudent consideration will teach her that it is her interest to retain the friendship of the United States. Her statesmen, if slow in discerning, are in the main sagacious, and will presently see the matter in its true light. If they do not, it will be unfortunate for them. In any event, let us not deceive ourselves. We repeat, England will be governed by what she considers her interest, and by nothing else.

Meantime, if report be correct, Mr. Seward has notified the European powers that the United States have agreed to the treaty stipulation abolishing privateering. We cannot forget the broad and enlightened view taken of this subject by our late Secretary, Mr. Marcy, in his able dispatch in reply to the official notice from the Paris Congress, a view most honorable to our public sentiment, wherein he avowed the readiness of this country to aid in putting an end to the practice, provided the whole matter should be placed on a comprehensive basis, so as to protect private property, not contraband of war, from *any capture* on the high seas. It strikes us that Mr. Seward's action at this particular crisis smacks a little of special practice. It looks too much as if by a repentance at the eleventh hour we sought shelter against our previous

declarations. God forbid that we should at this time, in the presence of the nations, do, or permit to be done; any diplomatic act out of *mere* diplomacy. We do not want exhibitions of tact or shrewdness — we want statesmanship; and since we have laid down a broad ground which shall govern us on the question of privateering, let us stick to it.

We have been driven sharply into this business of war. Not much time is allowed for reflection in the swift current of events. But at times there will come moments of awful solemnity, when something whispers: 'We are working out God's great designs.' Then it is, we see beyond the din and smoke of the contest, above the slaughter and carnage, over the hosts of armed men; inscribed in bright characters which encourage the weak, strengthen the valiant, and sustain the faint-hearted:

THE LORD REIGNS.

S O N N E T.

How many lives are spent in idle dreaming
 Of unearned good to come, devoid of care!
 How many souls are satisfied with *seeming*
 What they should *be*, and being — what they are!
 Alas! how few the nobleness inherit,
 Which — scorning selfish ease and empty show —
 In active goodness shines; whose generous spirit
 O'erflows to want, to sorrow and to woe.
 Time's restless wing should teach us active living:
 No fondly dreaming idler enters heaven;
 To him who wills and works, nor ceases striving
 To overcome with love, is victory given;
 So let us march, my friend, with armor bright,
 Through this dark dreary world up to the gates of light.

E. H. V. B.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE LIFE AND CAREER OF MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ, ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN AMERICA. By WINTHROP SARGENT. BOSTON: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE world would be better informed as to its own past, had it not been for its 'great' historians. *Thucydides aut nullus* seems to have been the motto of nearly all chroniclers of events, for which reason the Historical Department of most public libraries greatly resembles the growth of an elm-seed, as described in 'Elsie Venner'—a thousand failures to one successful tree.

WINTHROP SARGENT has, so far, contented himself with something less than the entire 'annal-ization' of a continent or of a country; devoting to an episode like that of BRADDOCK, or to a biography, the genius which another would have believed wasted on any thing less than a history of the world. In this, however, he manifests a judicious appreciation of the spirit and wants of the age, such as must necessarily have inspired the author of the volume now before us. The world is tired of dry chronicles and chronologies; it demands year by year, more and more, the materials wherewith to make history for itself, than the ready-made article. Every man of real intelligence is, after all, his own historian, and nothing is more preposterous than to believe that HUME, GIBBON, or SCHLOSSER can pass judgment for any one whose applause is worth having. For which reason, we believe that as education and intelligence advance, those who collect *facts*, write biographies, and drag to light all the curiously illustrative details of manners and customs, such as 'great historians' almost universally neglect, will be more and more—perhaps eventually the most valued. And in this genial love of collecting valuable relics of the past, WINTHROP SARGENT is inferior to no man living, while his gems are set in the *monture* of a chased and elegant style of literary art which any writer in any language would be proud to wear. MOTLEY, PRESCOTT and IRVING have walked in paths widely differing from those of WINTHROP SARGENT; but they are not in fact his superiors as historians in what really constitutes history, or in what gives us truthful and detailed knowledge of the past.

The Life of Major ANDRÉ was a capital subject for WINTHROP SARGENT, as it is eminently one of those which winds its way like a rivulet among many notable objects. Trees and towers afford favorite similes for great men and great events, and many such are mirrored in this stream. What if it end ingloriously—like the Rhine? It was once at least fair and brave.

The author complains that his success in obtaining information of ANDRÉ was commensurate neither with his labors nor desires, but the reader will

rather wonder with the Cardinal: *Don de avete pigliato tutto questo* — 'Where under the sun didst thou gather all this?' It is not likely that ANDRÉ's early life contained more that was worth preserving than his biographer has preserved. From his arrival in America, the narrative becomes remarkably full, and is judiciously interwoven with a mass of admirably illustrative matter, or of original comment; not one word of which would we spare, and all of which indicates a degree of familiarity with the facts and *social influences* of American history, such as few men have ever possessed. While our interest in ANDRÉ is never lost sight of, we are continually entertained with collateral anecdotes or hints which will render the work for many a starting-point whence to explore scores of others. In fact, we can recall at this instant no book so likely to stimulate close study of the Revolutionary history of our country; and especially of that intimate and home portion so little known save by tradition.

The biography of Major ANDRÉ is one of those books whose position and character is established from the day it appears. It is a permanence, inevitably destined to become a work of authority and reference among scholars, and one likewise for pleasant reading among the many. In these days, when every Revolutionary and patriotic feeling is budding into fresh life, it should, nay, will be read with unwonted zest, and to profitable purpose.

It is almost needless to say, that issuing from the press of TICKNOR AND FIELDS, this work is remarkable for typographic merit. A well-engraved portrait of Major ANDRÉ commends it to the consideration of collectors of historical likenesses. It is to be found in New-York at the store of D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Author's Revised Edition. Complete in One Volume. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM, 532 Broadway. 1861.

To attempt criticising the 'Crayon Papers,' originally published in the KNICKERBOCKER, at this late day, were an act of supererogation; yet if any thing could enhance our æsthetic enjoyment, it is to have the work presented in such faultless style. There is an art amounting to poesy in book-making that bespeaks the touch of a master-hand. As the frame to the picture, the setting to the gem, we deliberately *enjoy* the serving up of the mind's food upon appropriate dishes:

'Nightingale's tongues should be dished on gold.'

The delicate, salmon-tinted paper, the clear typography, the rich binding, the chaste ornamentations, and the exquisite vignette engravings from the burins of BANKS AND WESTALL, comprise a *tout ensemble* appealing to the eye with potent eloquence. It is indeed a rich setting to a rare jewel. Our friend PUTNAM, *malgré* war and panic, is steadfastly adhering to his precept, that no nation is great without a literature, and under all circumstances our minds must be fed; so he regularly treats us to his *National Editions* — this comprising the ninth volume of IRVING's Works: and we, the while, like insatiable OLIVER, 'asking for more.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

INTERMINGLED NOTES OF KNICKERBOCKER EDITORIAL NARRATIVE AND CORRESPONDENCE. — It seems but a very short time, since we took the 'parting hand' of TYRONE POWER, on board the ill-fated steamer, PRESIDENT, just before she left her dock at the foot of Jefferson-street, East River. His pleasant, beaming face; the smile, with which his whitest of teeth and bloomy complexion literally irradiated all his features; are before us, now: and after we had ascended to the broad roof of the Tobacco-Inspection Warehouse, at the foot of Jefferson-street — of which our next-door neighbor, Col. STEVENSON, now of California, was the Superintendent — and had seen the vessel move gracefully out into the stream, we watched the waving of 'poor Power's white handkerchief, and the parting swaying of his hat, as he motioned his farewell to 'HARRY PLACIDE,' and other kindred friends and associates who had accompanied him to the ship, to bid him God-speed, and '*bon voyage*.' Not far from him, as he stood upon the high quarter-deck of the steamer, and waving *his* adieux to friends upon the shore, was the eloquent COOKMAN, of the Methodist Church, then late chaplain to the 'Congress of the United States:' (would they were 'united' now!) And then the PRESIDENT, with her flags flying, and her signal-gun resounding, melted into distance down the channel, and finally disappeared around the bend of the Battery: all but her masts and pipe, from which a rising north-east wind was driving a thick and billowy cloud. So she passed over our noble bay, and out through 'the Narrows,' that great gate to the Atlantic. Thenceforth, she was no more seen of men: yes, once:

'High on a breaking wave she hung,'

when last seen at twilight in a north-east storm, which 'scooped the ocean to its briny springs,' and then, staggering and plunging, disappeared forever in the wallowing sea. Is it not strange — is it not '*wondrous strange*' — that not one vestige of that unfortunate vessel has ever been found? Not one: *not one!* — not a fragment of hull, or spar, or sail. Down she sank, a night-foundered wreck, unnoticed by any eye save the all-seeing Eye of OMNISCIENCE. And where are they, who amidst the wavings of handkerchiefs, and the farewell beckonings of recognition and affection, sailed away upon that stormy main? 'Their struggles have long been over: they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, *and no one can tell the story of their end*. How has expectation darkened into anxiety — anxiety into dread — and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever

return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, and was never heard of more !'

'Poor POWER!' is an exclamation which has been heard, in sorrowful sympathy, from thousands upon thousands of his admirers and friends — for it was his peculiarity, that he made all his admirers his friends — in every theatre-going town throughout the United States. As a MAN, not less than an ACTOR, there was a strong *affection* for him in the public mind.

Regarding ourselves as in some sort an epitome of that 'many-headed monster,' the PUBLIC, especially in so far as an appreciation of natural acting, and true dramatic GENIUS is concerned, we may say here, what we can say of no other modern comedian whom we ever saw upon the American stage, that POWER was *always fresh and original*. There was something *electric* about his personations. You might witness the personation of one and the same character a dozen times in succession : yet in every added performance, you would find that there was a *new* trait elicited, or that you had *overlooked* a new one in a previous representation. Who can say this of any of POWER's imitators ? of whom, how *many* we have had, with a thin varnish of his talent, and not a particle of his *genius* : who 'struck twelve the first time : ' who 'went out like a fuzee' — 'whose light was as darkness,' in comparison with the *engendered* scintillations of POWER's.

We have had POWER's many noble qualities freshly brought home to us recently, by a perusal of his correspondence with one who well knew and warmly esteemed him, and who has since followed him to the 'undiscovered country ;' one who never awakened of a morning, as he said, without seeing the 'President,' in his mind's eye, struggling with the waves, 'towering to o'erwhelm,' on the horizon of a stormy ocean. Now that, after long play-going experience, we find this peerless actor's place can never be supplied, we turn with a fond affection to those master-pieces of art in which he won our admiration. In his own play of 'St. Patrick's Eve' we remember always to have asked ourselves, as he is about to die, 'Where and when *will* he, who is now anticipating death, receive the dread messenger ?' In the opening of the third scene, where in his sweet voice he is singing the touching song of 'Tobacco is an Indian Weed,' he pauses suddenly, and exclaims :

'There's a deal of morality in that little song ; though, often as I've sung it, it never struck me till now. To be sure, I do n't remember ever before giving my mind to serious thoughts on my latter end. Not but I've often had a smart tap on the door from the same leaden messengers, but then they always came unlooked for, and in hot blood : there's the difference. I wish old FARRZ had sentenced me to be killed in the next general action ! I'd have engaged to manage it, I dare say, by hook or by crook ! It would have been all the same to him, and *much* more agreeable to me.'

Who that has heard POWER in this fine play, can soon forget it ? How beautiful the touch of nature with the shamrock, which 'Mrs BURZ' had forgotten to get for him on the morning that he was to die, her husband thinking it was but nonsense :

'Nonsense ? — is it nonsense ? — the ever-green trefoil of ould Erin, the most pious, most poetical of national emblems, *nonsense* ? Why,' he exclaims, 'you heathenish ould dragon ! — there's more meaning in that simple —'

But where's the use of expounding what is beyond your limited comprehension? Present my love to Mrs. BLITZ, and tell her to bring me in the morning the neatest bunch of shamrock she can find. Though I could n't *live* by the green, I'll *die* by it. It will serve in my last hour to recall to my memory the land of my birth. In my life I have never ceased to remember it: I'll not forget it in my death!

Words cannot describe the touching union of pathos and humor in this and similar scenes, in the same play.

But it was in the overflowing spirit and richness of his *comedy*, that Mr. POWER was especially preëminent. He was a *national benefactor*: for when our country sat in ashes as it were, almost in utter despondency, he made the disheartened roar with temporary mirth, from Maine to Louisiana. What convulsions of laughter he created in the 'Irish Lion!' See him on his little stool, in Mr. WADD's shop, with his shocking bad white hat, short pipe, red nose, and *inexpressibly* comic and *espiegle* leer! His dinner-hour is not up by the 'ould Dutch clock at the bar ov the Bull'—which is 'an illigant clock, barrin' it's always too slow;' a fault on the right side when he is coming back to work by it, but 'a mighty great inconvenience' when he 'laves off to go to males be the time ov it'—and the journeyman smokes his pipe, and holds a few minutes' conversation with his employer:

'You know, Mither WADD,' says he, 'when I hired you as me master for a job of journey-work a fortnight ago, I told you I was a rowling-stone; that I was on me travels through furrin parts, to obsarve the manners and customs of barbarous nations; and that when I had 'arned me two weeks' wages, I should show you the full front of me back, and proceed on me voyage of dis-kivery.' He goes on to awaken his employer's interest in his history, who at length inquires why his parents happened to mistake his genius so wofully: 'What made 'em put you to a tailor?' asked Mr. WADD.

'Put me to a tailor? Is it *put* me to a tailor? Mither WADD, I *inherited* me position in society. It was me father's profession at Tipperary. When me respectable progenitor became a bankrupt, I succeeded him in his flourishing business; but a young gentleman from Ireland, o' the name o' M'KINZIE, who expected a fortune but did n't get it, got into me debt, and I got into other people's. He ran away; I ran after *him*, and me creditors ran after *me*; but divil a bit did they catch me; and here I am, a pedestrinatin' travellin' tailor, writin' me observations; and Mither WADD, when you see 'em in print, ivery chapter peppered with a bit o' poethry of me own composin', to give the prose a flavor, you may say, 'Tom's gone home, and wid his money out of the book has paid every body his own.' But me ten minutes are up: now for a stitch.' No one who ever saw it, could *ever* cease to remember his jumping upon the board, dropping his slippers from his feet as he leaped; his most natural stitches; and his cheerful song of:

'BRIAN O'LINN had no breeches to wear,
So he took him a sheep-skin and made him a pair;
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
They'll be nice and warm, says BRIAN O'LINN.'

And then his soliloquy touching his book and its records: 'There's one observation that I must pen down, that's a disgrace to civilization. I persave that in general society this h'athen pable *peels* their petatis before they *biles*

'em! This must go under the head of 'Barbarous customs of the English Aristocracy!'

Observe him too at Mrs. FIZ-JIG's *conversazione*. Could any thing be richer than the 'eccentric lion-poet's behavior? How *Irish* his exposition of 'drinks' to the Mrs. LEO-HUNTER of the evening:

'You wish to know what I'll take? Well, see: Port is the dacent thing for a person in middling circumstances. Sherry is no great shakes, unless you bate it up with an egg, to give a tone to the voice or the stomach, whichever you please. As for claret, it's the darlin' when an individual wants an azy and a coolin' beverage; while champagne is the rale gintleman's drink, when he's takin' his rump-steak wid a lady — and barrin' the head-ache that's at the bottom of the tenth bottle, I'd as lieve have that as any thing. But whist! — it's not that I'd take at this present; with your good will and pleasure, I prefer the fluid that contains the soul o' *all* them drinks; which has the dacency of port with the tone of the sherry; the coolin' quality of the claret combined with the inspiration of champagne, and divil a bit o' head-ache; and that's a jolly good jug o' WHISKEY PUNCH!' 'Splendid! beautiful! delicious! dem'd foine!' exclaim the company. 'Be me sowl it *is*, Mr. DEM'D-FOINE!' replies the enthusiastic tailor-bard.

In 'The Omnibus' he was particularly felicitous. Every town reader will remember the story. He is an obstinate Irish valet, who will have his own way, and is continually getting his master into trouble. He is the 'dirtiest owld man that ever lived,' and PAT ROONEY has the 'cl'anin' of him,' having his clothes to brush. After one of their quarrels, they encounter each other in the parlor. The master thinks his servant is abundantly penitent for recent and glaring faults, while *he* imagines that his master is bursting with contrition for 'ballyraggin' him: and each has determined to forgive the other; when the former says: 'Well, ROONEY, think no more of what has passed; only let us endeavor to understand each other in future.' 'That's enough, Sir,' answers ROONEY, 'that's enough; it is n't dacent for the likes o' you to be axin' me pardon.' 'I ask your pardon!' exclaims the exasperated employer. 'I forgive you, Sir!' interrupted ROONEY, 'out an' out! You are off o' me corns, and I'm azy. Do n't say another word about it!'

Who does not remember this, and the kindred touches of subdued art in 'How to Pay the Rent,' where he gives his references to the sordid landlord, who returns quite satisfied, having received a good character of his new lodger from a similar SHYLOCK, who has absolutely hired his troublesome tenant to go away, promising, as an additional inducement, to be his reference. 'You found it all right with old FUSTIAN, eh?' asks MORGAN RATTLER of his new landlord, on his return. 'Oh! yes — perfectly. He seems much attached to you.' 'Exactly; oh! yes — *he was*. Do you know, I think if I'd staid with him a year, he would *have kept me for nothing*?' 'I think it quite likely,' replies the new landlord. 'I KNOW IT!' adds RATTLER, with an expression of mouth and eye that was perfectly irresistible. But at length our new landlord finds himself duped. His lodger's furniture, upon which he had relied as security, proves not to be worth two-and-sixpence; and RATTLER frankly tells him: 'I've sworn revenge against your whole tribe. There is n't a landlord within the London bills of mortality that can put his hand on his heart and say I ever

paid him a rap o' rent!' The new landlord is perfectly frantic with rage. 'Do you take me, Mr. RATTLER, for a fool?' he exclaims. 'If you ask me as a friend,' replies RATTLER coolly, 'I *do*, and a knave!'

But we must take our leave of 'poor POWER,' the consummate actor and accomplished gentleman; whom thousands of our readers, we are sure, will be glad to recall, even in so imperfect a sketch as this. Turn we now to another '*Gentleman of the Stage*,' whose too brief career in this country will be readily remembered by many of our readers: we mean 'GENTLEMAN ABBOTT,' as he was called in England, and known in America. We should premise here, that while Mr. ABBOTT, so far as we saw him in this country, could not be regarded as a *great*, yet he was always a *good* actor. There was a keen perception of the meaning of his author, and a perfect rendering of that perception, without the slightest stage-trickery or melo-dramatic effects. He began his theatrical career in Bath, England, whence his varied talent caused him to be transferred to Covent-Garden Theatre, London, at the early age of twenty-four, where he performed for twelve years, all the time growing in reputation. In tragedy, not of the sterner sort, he was graceful and impressive; in genteel comedy, he was equal to any of his contemporaries in that line; and in the more unlicensed exuberance of farce, he was always a laughable and jocular actor. With an English company he entertained the Parisian public with *éclat* for two years; and when he returned from the French capital to Covent-Garden, it was to enable Miss FANNY KEMBLE to appear as 'JULIET' with an adequate 'ROMEO.'

In social life in London and Paris, (for he spoke the French language with so much purity as to escape all the usual inconveniences attendant upon foreign disclosure,) he won high distinction: for to perfect self-possession he added the careless grace and polished wit of high-bred society. He alternated, in the easiest and happiest manner, the man of fashion and the man of the stage, *par excellence*. 'He was,' says one who knew him well, 'a person of the most gentleman-like manners, cheerful disposition, ready wit in the play of conversation, and possessed a kindly and liberal heart. Few men were more welcome to society, or more entertaining within its bounds. He was full of anecdote; and the humorous stories of the stage found in him a most amusing reciter. He had also the song, the jest, or the repartee, which never failed to add mirth to the festive board. Above all, shone the unclouded cheerfulness of his nature, over which even his own misfortunes apparently never suffered a shadow to pass; and that good-will toward others which defied the taint of envy, (either in private life or an envious profession,) which was happy in contributing to the happiness of others, and would not tread on a worm, or even injure an enemy.'

We were favored, many years ago, with a manuscript autobiography of Mr. ABBOTT, full to overflowing with humorous sketches. Let us advert to, and present, a few more passages from this most entertaining medley. Many of our readers will remember sundry anecdotes, from theatrical persons and works upon the drama of 'ROMEO COATES,' of Bath, England. Mr. ABBOTT gives a very amusing account of the manner in which this *soubriquet*, which attached to the subject of it throughout his life, was obtained:

'THOUGH an unmitigated ass, he was the lion of the day. He came from one of the West-India islands, was very wealthy, and on all occasions wore brilliants of the first

water. In a place like Bath, where *ennui* will step in occasionally, he was a god-send. He was followed, courted, fooled to the top of his bent. The sprigs of fashion 'drew him in' to give at the York Hotel the most expensive entertainments; and at one party, when I was present, they insisted upon his mounting a table covered with decanters and glasses, to give a specimen of his skill in the small-sword exercise, and display his figure to the best advantage. One of the party, *Bacchi plenus*, became his opponent, and the result was, the destruction of a most superb chandelier. His face was like a baboon's, and the twistings and distorted attitudes into which he threw himself were alike indescribable and irresistible. One pleasant morning there appeared an announcement in the theatre-bills which shook the city of Bath to its foundation. It was like the precursor of a volcanic eruption: '*Romeo, by an Amateur of Fashion!*' The doors were beset at an early hour in the afternoon by those who had failed to secure places at the box-office. Box-admittance was paid by crowds of gentlemen, to enable them, by jumping over, to secure places in the pit. Men of rank and distinction did not disdain to occupy seats in the gallery. The fever of excitement was at its pitch, when the gentle ROMEO appeared, dressed in the most fantastic and absurd style, in consonance with the advice of his fashionable friends. He wore diamonds to the value of thirty thousand pounds! I was one of his instructors, and entered into the joke with a keen relish for the ridiculous. It was hardly to be expected that his acting would be tolerated by the true judges of art, and I was obliged to be dressed for the character, in order to finish the part. But no! The appetite of the audience grew by what it fed on; and when the dying scene came, a tremendous burst of mock enthusiasm rang from all parts of the house, and he was universally *encored*. He bowed most graciously, while JULIET (Miss JAMIESON) was lying on the stage, not dead, but literally 'in convulsions' of laughter. Oranges were thrown upon the stage, with a request that the actor would not hurry, but refresh his energies before he recommenced his death. He kissed his hand to the ladies in graceful acquiescence with their wishes, and deliberately proceeded to suck two oranges! His second death was infinitely more extravagant than the first, and drew down repeated and prolonged bravos, and a second *encore*, which however was not complied with. Showers of bouquets now fell upon the stage, and closed one of the most extraordinary dramatic exhibitions I ever beheld in a regular theatre.'

There are thousands in this city and Boston, (he played in Philadelphia too, we believe,) who will recall 'in this connection' the remarkable performances of a half-fool, by the name of SHALES, from Boston, who was *encored four times* in one performance of RICHARD III. We remember his lack-lustre eye, expressionless face, and long shaky legs, as if he were before us now; and eke the '*Wræath*' which was thrown at him on the Boston stage, and which hung for a time in the vestibule of the Astor-House. What a 'wreath' it was, 'surely!'—a treasure for a green-grocer: a wire-and-hayband circle, four feet in diameter, interwoven with white and purple cabbages, yellow carrots, red beets, white and red turnips, etc.: really 'pretty to look at;' but if it had *hit* the 'great actor' it would have made him 'sing small.' But to the autobiography.

A singular circumstance is mentioned by Mr. ABBOTT as having occurred to a professional friend of his at Bath, named SEDLY. It is authenticated beyond all peradventure. 'Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer-cloud, without our special wonder?' Listen:

'He was quietly seated in his arm-chair, at his lodgings in Beaufort-square, after his return from the theatre; his wife had retired to her bed-chamber, adjoining their draw-

ing-room; while he remained, for the purpose of reading over a character for the ensuing evening. His mother resided a short distance from London, and, so far as he knew, was at the time in perfect health. His mind was not preoccupied with the thoughts of home, and an unusual calmness pervaded his spirit. After reading a passage, and trying to see if he had mastered it, he raised his eyes, and on a chair opposite sat his mother, smiling benignantly upon him. His agitation was extreme. He hastily turned round, and saw that the door was closed. He struggled to speak, but his lips were sealed; and with a beating heart and hair erect, he rushed to the bed-side of his wife, and in broken sentences, and with thick-starting perspiration rolling down his face, he detailed what he had seen. His wife endeavored to persuade him that it was all a dream; and to convince him, quietly walked into the drawing-room, and found the apartment precisely as she had left it, the fire burning and the candles lighted; but nothing could do away the illusion; and in two days afterward poor SEDLY received the intelligence of his mother's death at the very hour of the occurrence here narrated. He seldom referred to the circumstance, and never without deep and melancholy emotion.

LISTON, the great comedian, as most readers are aware, was an inveterate wag. He was never more happy than when successful in making a fellow-actor lose his 'power of face' upon the stage. MR. ABBOTT relates a pleasant anecdote of one of his efforts in this kind:

'IN Newcastle, under the management of STEPHEN KEMBLE, (who played the part of FALSTAFF without stuffing,) LISTON on one occasion took the character of PIZARRO. When he is lying on the couch, ROLLA enters, apostrophizes his defenceless situation, and then rouses and drags him in front of the stage. Judge of the surprise of the actor, at finding one-half of LISTON's face painted in imitation of a clown! This portion of his features was of course studiously turned from the audience, who were indulged only with the simple profile. ROLLA burst into a fit of laughter, and rushed instantly from the stage, to the great scandal of the audience, who had not the slightest suspicion of the cause of such ridiculous conduct.'

The reader should have *heard* MR. ABBOTT present the subjoined 'limning from life,' and *seen* him imitate the snuff-taking of the noble tragedian. The story loses much of its force in being transferred to paper. The anecdote is of HARLOWE, who painted the celebrated trial-scene of 'HENRY the Eighth,' in which the KEMBLE family flourished so conspicuously:

'HE had, by his ill-conduct, lost the esteem of his great master, SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, who was the intimate friend of JOHN KEMBLE; and the latter had in consequence resolutely refused to sit to him for his portrait as 'Cardinal Wolsey' in the picture alluded to. 'MRS. SIDDON'S and CHARLES and STEPHEN KEMBLE had sat to the artist,' but the great tragedian was immovable. At length a friend of the painter, (MR. THOMAS WELCH, the celebrated singing-master,) who had received many marks of attention and kindness from MR. KEMBLE, and who had great confidence in the force of his influence with him, waited upon MR. KEMBLE at his residence in Great Russell-street. He was shown into the library, and was most cordially received: 'My dear Tom, to what am I indebted for the favor of this visit?' 'My dear Sir, I come a humble suppliant to you, and I really do n't know how to commence.' 'Well, well; make excuses for your modesty: and then, my good friend, come to the point.' The commencement was auspicious; but the first plunge in a cold-bath is always hard to take. 'I assure you, MR. KEMBLE, I feel most grateful for your kind reception; and if I could only hope the favor I am going to ask —' 'Pooh! pooh! you know, Tom, I always told you, from a boy, there was nothing you could ask of me that I would refuse you. Now say what it

is you wish; consider it as done; and I really am very much occupied; so, to the point, to the point, Tom.' 'Oh! Sir, you have made me the happiest person in the world. Will you be kind enough to sit to Mr. HARLOWE for your portrait?' In an instant a deep cloud passed over the noble countenance of the great actor; and deliberately taking up his snuff-box, he applied a large pinch to his nose, and quickly replied: 'My dear Tom, I'll see you d—d first!' Notwithstanding his denial, however, the Cardinal is one of the best portraits, and was caught only by occasional glances from the orchestra, during Mr. KEMBLE'S performance.'

Soon after the retirement of JOHN KEMBLE from the London stage, a great event, and well described by Mr. ABBOTT, that great tragedian gave a memorable dinner to some eighteen or twenty of the most distinguished members of the *corps-dramatique* of Covent-Garden Theatre. Among the guests, also, was TALMA, of whom we have this graphic account:

'On this occasion we had a fine trait of the tragic powers of TALMA; not a bombastic display of French acting, but a grand and simple narrative of facts, connected with that frightful epoch, the French Revolution. He himself was suspected, watched; and his profession alone saved him from the blood-hounds who were on his track. During the most terrific period, he did not dare to sleep at his hotel, but lived in the outskirts of the metropolis; and when called in town by his professional avocations, he would steal like a culprit to the gate of his residence, and in an under-tone inquire of the old Swiss porter the bloody news of the day. On one occasion he was told that some thirty or forty of his most intimate friends had that very morning perished by the guillotine. Feeling that the crisis of his own fate had arrived, he went tremblingly to the theatre; and during the performance the overwhelming anguish of his soul was relieved only by the tears coursing down his cheeks; and the very expression of which feeling every moment endangered his life. There was a cold, creeping chilliness about the hearts of all present as he spoke, which was perfectly thrilling; and not a sound was heard till he had ceased.'

Thus much for two ACTORS and two GENTLEMEN whom the world will not willingly 'let die.'

PALMER'S 'POEM' OF 'THE PERI.'—Mr. BRYANT speaks of that exquisite conception, PALMER'S *Peri*, as 'a most beautiful and *spirituelle* creation of the chisel; a poem written in marble.' And so it is. A lady-correspondent writes us, that she once questioned PALMER respecting it: 'Did you ever in nature see such a glorious being as the Peri?' 'No,' replied PALMER: 'only in a dream. I was residing upon the banks of Cayuga Lake. I one day threw myself upon my couch and relapsed into a dreamy trance; and in my vision I saw the Peri. Upon waking, I seized the wax and modeled the human portion, but when I came to the wings I was puzzled. In this dilemma I shouldered my gun, went out upon the banks of the lake, and soon sighted a bird flying overhead. What the classic name of it might be I know not; but its wings were superb. I immediately returned to my studio and finished the model. The whole affair seemed like a species of inspiration, and to this day I so regard it.' So have others.

Letter from the Eighth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

'HEAD-QUARTERS CO. G, 8TH REGIMENT M. V. M.,
CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, MAY 13, 1861.

'SATURDAY night, and with the beat of the 'retreat,' stillness settles with noiseless wing upon the buzz and hum of quarters, and perches over the Speaker's chair with soothing influences! Saturday night, and whispered prayers go up from many a rude couch, and mingle with those ascending from the homes left behind. Saturday night—but hark! the drums are rolling through the passages! 'Turn out, Bill,' says one, 'and see what's up.' Bill turns out and goes, and soon returns to report: 'Four companies under orders to march at once for the Relay House!' Every one springs to the floor. Co. G have the guard, and of course will remain; and we in the quarters, not being on duty, wander about, picking up, here and there, what intelligence we can. The companies detached are falling into line, and receiving their fations one after another, file off down the great stair-case. They are gone, and all is still again, except where the officers of the staff are hasting to-and-fro in the passage where head-quarters are. We sit down in the company-room and talk the matter over. Every one says to himself: 'Our turn will come next.' Knapsacks are packed, letters written, and all are still again in thought, when the tramp of men through the hall arouses us once more. The orders have been countermanded, and while we fancied our comrades were already on the route, they have been waiting at the guard-house, and now are back again. And after the excitement of so sudden a call to arms is somewhat quieted, again we fall asleep with that whispered prayer repeated as we dream.

'I HAD but freshly nibbed my pen for the commencement of a new paragraph, when the word 'Fall in!' was passed along the quarters so loudly that it was ill pretending not to hear it. Consequently I fell in, feeling a decided disposition to fall out with the officer in command for thus interrupting my *tête-à-tête* with 'Old Knick.' By the time we got into line on the parade, light suddenly dawned upon my hitherto abstracted vision, and I remembered that we were to march to the Arsenal to receive new arms and equipments. 'By the right of companies, to the rear, into columns, battalion, right face! March!' We faced and marched. 'Music to the head of the column; battalion; forward, march!' And forward it was, out of the Capitol-yard, down the hill in the rear, and left-wheel into a wide avenue, that seemed to have no end. It was very hot, very dusty, and very disagreeable. I really felt an inclination to be disgusted with soldiering. Inwardly; I voted it a humbug. But there, on my left, floated the Stars and Stripes and our regimental color. The one had mournfully descended amid the smoke and flame of Sumter. Was I not one who had sworn to lift it to its place again? and did not my oath bind me, too, to uphold the other, or to die defending it? Ah! yes. Soldiering might be a disgusting humbug, but to support and to maintain untarnished the honor of my country's and my regimental flag, was the proudest task I might ever hope to perform. And thus, each step seeming to add new earnestness to

every thought, I actually became enthusiastic in my chivalrous zeal, by the time the regiment filed in between the guard at the gate of the Arsenal. We received, by companies, our arms and equipments, and it was late before we were ready to move again. The thunder-beaded clouds were rising in the south and west, and as I watched the now and then quick lightnings, and listened to the distant mutterings, I fancied I saw the flashes of secession cannon on Arlington Heights, and heard their muffled report, sadly inaugurating this 'holy war' of modern times.

'Tattoo found me at the 'head-quarters of commanders of companies,' where, having the *entrée*, I pass a great portion of my leisure time. 'Twelve o'clock and all 's well'—ditto. They were just relieving the guard when I went to company quarters. 'Captains of companies will have their commands ready for inspection, with twenty rounds of ball-cartridge, at six o'clock to-morrow morning,' were the orders promulgated by the Colonel in person, just before I bade my own Captain good-night. 'There 's work for us to do,' I said to myself, and instead of making any attempt to sleep, sat down to one of the desks in the Hall, and commenced a series of letters home—letters brief and to the point, free from all ornamentation or imagery—in fact, quite matter of fact—hold! Was there not one wherein you said something about 'the sweets of home,' 'the charms' of certain cottage surroundings, 'the fond entwinings of—' oh! never mind, thou man of *fact*—if there was not fancy enough in one of the aforementioned letters to make up for all the bareness of the others, then know I nothing and less than nothing of the strange vagaries of a lover's pen.

'I finished my letters, wrapped in my blanket, nodding in my chair; and thereafter slept awhile, till waking with a sudden start, I found the Hall-clock marked the hour of five. I strapped my blanket while the drums were beating the reveille, and washed and made my toilet while the boys were turning out. 'Pack up,' I whispered to my chum, and told him the orders of the night before. He opened his eyes with wonder, but read the truth in the package of letters I held in my hand. The Captain came in as I spoke and echoed my words. We passed inspection at the hour; then breakfast; and then the word again, 'Fall in'—being marching order. 'T is our last of the Capitol,' said the orderly as we filed out of quarters. 'Down Capitol Hill for the last time!' I repeated to myself as we took the direction of the depot. It did not seem possible. And whither now? To the Relay House and Harper's Ferry, seemed the instinctive answer to my question.

'The first part of that answer was verified in a few hours. Back to Annapolis Junction; past the field of our cold and cheerless bivouac three weeks ago; out on the Baltimore and Ohio road, we finally disembarked at the Relay House station. Hot, dusty, and disagreeable again was our march up over the hills to the camp we were to occupy. We lay down in the shade of our blankets hung upon our stacked arms, until the call for evening prayer. It was an impressive scene—eight hundred men closed *en masse* upon the hill-side, around that man of prayer who, with uplifted hands, invoked upon us the blessing of the God of battles. I saw the tears that glistened in many an eye at thought of home, and there was a silence that seemed sad in camp for an hour after. We were glad to prepare our bivouac even there, upon the untented field, and wrap us in our blankets, pillowing our heads upon our knapsacks.

'I was just in the 'first sweet dream of sleep,' when a single shot, and another, and a dozen more upon our right brought us to our feet, with hurried roll of drum, and quick repeated cry: 'Fall in! fall in!' In double files, straight up the hill we pressed at double-quick. 'Halt,' and 'Load,' and 'Forward,' again down a wooded path, trot, trot. At length we reach the lines of Cooke's battery. A man has only fired at a dog, and the alarm is false. We wheel, and return disappointedly to our camp, for we had hoped 'to have one shot at a secessionist,' as BILLY, my chum, said, when we rolled ourselves in our blankets again, cold and saturated with the heavy dew.

'The next day was hotter than the preceding, and our tents came not till late in the afternoon. How we lay and simmered in the sun the long, weary day, with scarcely strength to buy or eat the pies and cakes that were so plenty on the field, and which was all there was to eat, for our provisions had not followed us so promptly as they should. In the evening we pitched our tents upon the hill, but your humble servant was too much used up to care for any thing except, with a comrade at either arm, to be supported to the 'Relay House,' where he still remains at present writing, in restoration of his exhausted strength, to the tune of 'a dollar and a half a-day,' and extras.

'The soldier in the field has little time, generally little disposition, to admire the beautiful either in art or nature. The paintings and the sculpture at the Capitol found few connoisseurs to criticise, in the thousands of eyes that had wonderingly passed beneath them. And in the weary march, the tired head cares little to sweep the landscape in search of beauties. But here, in comparative repose, and surrounded by such varied scenes of hill and valley, winding path and running stream, viaduct and rustic bridge, cottage and country-seat, few could help being charmed, fewer still at least help glancing delightedly at the loveliness of spring. This is certainly a most beautiful section of country, and as I sit here in my room I look out upon fields, forests, and valleys, growing every hour more fresh and green beneath the soft-falling rain.

'Ay! soft-falling rain. 'Tis a very comfortable thing to sit in a quiet room, (with a coal-fire at one's back,) and look out upon this same soft-falling rain; but not so comfortable, crouching in a dripping tent, chilled through, and shivering in the folds of a damp blanket, in order to produce a reaction after a five hours' drill in double-quick movements, beneath a sultry sun. Who would not be a soldier?

'They say, we march again to-morrow. It is not unlikely. Our 'Brigadier BEN,' promoted to be a Major-General, and ordered to Fortress Monroe, will undoubtedly take with him his 'gallant Massachusetts boys,' and thus will end the record of Camp Essex, its nightly alarms, and exceedingly 'steep' drills. I should be in camp to-day were it not for the rain; but, so nearly well, I do not care to set myself back again unnecessarily. If we move to-morrow, I pray it may be under a more sunny sky than over-arches us to-day. I know not certainly from what part of the country you will hear of me; but wherever I may be, sure am I, I shall not forget 'OLD KNICK,' whose humble servant is

'Yours, truly,

E. D. KNIGHT, JR.'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—We beg to tender our apologies to the *Golden Era*, of San-Francisco, for presuming to place one of the most extraordinary works which ever appeared in print, under our 'Gossip,' instead of the 'Literary Notices;' but that journal, containing the first volume of the great work, arrived after the 'Notices' had gone to press. We could not keep our readers in suspense a whole month, and have therefore determined to publish at our own expense the volume entire! It is entitled:

THE CURSE OF WIGFALL:

OR

SECRET SCENES OF THE SOUTHERN SECESSION.

BY J. KEYSER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME ONE.

PREFACE.

'JUSTICE to my numerous friends demands the statement, that I have been requested by them not to write this book. Expressions have reached my ears which are the reverse of admiration and regard. But I shall not shrink from the Augean task, nor attempt to shirk the responsibility. Without being slow to conceal, I may say I am free to confess that my sympathies are with the glorious, and, I might add, affluent Southern Confederacy. Intimately acquainted with many Huguenot families, descended from the Normans, who came over to the United States immediately after the battle of Hastings, and allied by social ties to many of the first families of Virginia, I never shall desert the Micawber of my youth—the Sunny South! If by my admiration of its gorgeous magnificence and tropical luxuriance, I can atone for the misfortune of Northern birth, I shall feel that the interests for which I have labored have been subserved. I am done.

'CHAPTER FIRST.—CHARLESTON.

'It is night in the aristocratic city of Charleston. The carriages of an affluent population are rolling over the streets. Sable servitors, clad in magnificent liveries, are bringing ice-creams and sherry-cobblers to the luxurious citizens, who are sitting in their shirt-sleeves beneath the shade of the Palmetto-trees and orange-groves. In the front-rooms, the dark-eyed maidens of the South are playing upon pianos. They wear fire-flies stuck in their hair, which lend an indescribable charm to their personal appearance. A few of the more *recherché* have gilded rattlesnakes with diamond eyes clasped lightly around their waists and shoulders. Powerful emblem of a mighty State—the rattlesnake enters into the social existence of the Charlestonian. It is coiled on the gorgeous waistcoats which cover the swelling bosoms of the chivalrous sons of South-Carolina; it adorns the swan-like necks of the magnificent Octoroons of Charleston. Such was the calm and genteel appearance of that sweet Southern city. Nothing marred the graceful landscape but the presence of a few slavish Northern mechanics, who carried their dinners wrapped up in copies of the *Tribune*, on their homeward way beyond the city limits. They were remarkable for the regularity with which they doffed their hats to the niggers, who received the salute with scorn and contempt. But hush! footsteps approach! Three martial figures wrapped in long blue cloaks, with heavy military boots on their soldierly limbs, and masks concealing their expressive faces, ad-

vanced with military precision down the street. It was indeed an affecting spectacle to witness the movements of the six legs in perfect harmony, and reflect upon the military proclivities of their owners. Stopping under the shade of a stately magnolia — the youngest of the party — a youth of only seventeen — plucked a magnolia blossom and placed it with a graceful gesture in his button-hole. This act exhibited a refined taste and exquisite poetical feeling. Need it be said that the gifted and beautiful youth was none other than P — L H — E, Poet to the State of South-Carolina, aide-de-camp of Governor PICKENS, and author of the 'Southern Empire,' 'Southern Rights,' and other beautiful fictitious creations.

'It is well. We are now safe from the prying eyes of Northern emissaries,' said the elder of the party. 'What news of the noble WIGFALL? Speak out, chivalrous KEITT, but first' — and he lowered his voice to a confidential whisper — 'hast any of the pure Virginia weed about thee?'

'I have, my valiant YANCEY — even the 'Natural Leaf' as yet uncontaminated by the touch of Yankee manufacturers' — and with easy dexterity he drew from one pocket a roll of the Nicotian weed; then with a glittering bowie sliced off a longitudinal chunk, and presented it on the point of the knife, with a martial salute to his leader — 'But the impulsive Texan yet lingers by the flowing bowl.'

'Enough. 'Tis well! Whiskey fires the Southern heart! He can be counted on. But much I fear that this J. B., of which we spoke, is vacillating. He joked last week. 'Tis a vile, slavish custom of the North — a Yankee trick by which they play us foul. Thou dost not joke, my KEITT?'

'Look I as though I did?' said the aristocratic KEITT, drawing himself to his full height.

'YANCEY paused a moment and gazed into those finely-chiseled features from which many centuries of aristocratic breeding had extracted the baser lines of vulgar expression, and then burst into tears. Throwing his arms around his companion, he pressed him fervently to his breast, exclaiming: 'Never! Forgive me! They slander thee. Who says so? It is not — no, it is not — in thy line!'

'Let us leave them clasped in this embrace. 'Tis indeed an affecting picture! Noble YANCEY! Chivalrous KEITT! Of such is the Southern Empire.'

'The young poet, during this thrilling dialogue, had remained pensively leaning against a tree, gazing abstractedly at the silver moon, and attempting to blow rings of cigar-smoke from his expressive lips. Suddenly he paused and shrieked in maddening tones: 'An omen! an omen!' The whole party remained transfixed. For lo! two magnificent wreaths of pearly smoke hovered, for a moment, over the heads of the two principal figures. The young man instantly drew out his pocket-book and wrote a poem of ninety-six verses. It appeared the next morning simultaneously in the *Charleston Mercury* and *San-Francisco Herald*. It is for sale at this office, and at all the principal book-stands! Price, 6½ cents.

'END OF VOLUME FIRST.

'The remaining volumes of this thrilling history, including the 'Curse of WIGFALL,' and the mid-night seizure of the Indian Bonds by the Rangers, RUSSELL and FLOYD, will be continued in the *Golden Era*. Price, only ten cents per copy, four dollars per annum.' Now is the time to subscribe.

'Read the following:

'The works of J. KEYSER are indeed admirably calculated to fire the Southern heart.' — *Charleston Mercury*.

'The only works I read, since I gave up newspapers.' — *Floyd*.

'Stop WEBSTER'S spelling-books, dictionaries, and all other incendiary Northern pamphlets. Permit J. KEYSER'S works to pass freely.' — *Jeff. Davis*.

“I considder J. KEYSER a good aig. He is a better orthor than WEBSTER, witch is contemptubul witness my hand and seal. jo LANE.”

Although J. KEYSER is an alien enemy, we feel bound in literary matters to show no partiality, and therefore declare that we agree with ‘JO LANE,’ that he (KEYSER) *is* a ‘good aig.’ And furthermore, we honestly believe that J. DAVIS is right in prohibiting WEBSTER’s Dictionary, and all spelling-books, and allowing KEYSER’s works to pass freely! - - - THERE is no signature to the following musically-jingling lines from the ‘*Connecticut Courant*,’ sent us by our friend and correspondent, ‘PAUL BERNOU:’ but we can ‘place’ them, nevertheless. Now and then our old friend and Knickerbocker favorite, GEORGE H. CLARK, (pseudonym JOHN HONEYWELL,) sends to the daily press of his native city of Hartford, some of his cleverest off-hand effusions: ‘and this is of them,’ we’ll ‘go bail:’

‘*The Sewing-Machine.*’

“Gor one? Do n’t say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shet?
Own it, or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank, or a treddle? Say!
I’m a single man, and somewhat green,
Tell me about your sewing-machine.”

“Listen, my boy, and hear all about it:
I do n’t know what I should do without it;
I’ve owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well I call it ‘my dear;’
’Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing-machine.

“It’s none of your angular WHEELER things,
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And is worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And has a way—you need n’t stare—
Of combing and braiding its own back-hair!

“Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner, with what-nots and chairs;
And makes that dismal, head-achy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

“Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes, and a dainty foot,
And sports the charming gaiter boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops;
With any indefinite number of hoops.

“None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature’s the patentee!
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws!

“One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt:
And make a pudding as well as a shirt;
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady, or witch:
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or do up your collars and things so nice.

“What do you think of my machine?
An’t it the best that ever was seen?”

'Tis n't a clumsy mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy.
With a turn for gossip and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sowing of tares.

"Tut, tut! do n't talk. I see it all—
You need n't keep winking so hard at the wall;
I know what your fidgety fumbings mean,
You would like, yourself, a sewing-machine!
Well, get one, then—of the same design—
There were plenty left when I got mine."

This is all very well, and a most charming picture of an *individual* sewing-machine: but how about sewing for a large family?—and how about hurriedly making up thousands upon thousands of uniforms for our brave volunteers, in these troublous and ever-to-be-deplored 'war-times?' As adjuncts of war, sewing-machines have 'entered upon a new career of usefulness.' - - - AFTER the recent announcement in these pages, of the misfortune which had befallen 'JOHN PHENIX,' in the loss both of his outward and inward 'light,' our readers will not be startled at the intelligence which reaches us this morning in the following paragraph from the New-York '*Daily Times*:'

'LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. DERBY, better known as 'JOHN PHENIX,' has come to a sad and untimely end. He died a few days since, in an insane asylum. Lieutenant DERBY was a native of Massachusetts, from which State he was appointed to the West-Point Academy, where he graduated in 1842. On the first of July, 1846, he was made Brevet Second-Lieutenant of Ordnance, and in August following he was transferred to the Topographical Engineers. He served in the Mexican War with distinction, and for 'gallant and meritorious conduct' in the battle of Cerro Gordo, where he was severely wounded, he was promoted to a First-Lieutenancy. His humor, rather than his bravery, has immortalized Lieutenant DERBY. During a residence in California he became assistant-editor of a paper known as the *Los Angeles Star*, and during the absence of its principal took the liberty of changing the politics of the journal. The consequences of this exploit, are they not given in 'PHENIXIANA,' with numberless other sayings and doings of the immortal JOHN, whose surname gave that volume its title? His contributions to the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, which extended through a series of years, we believe, added to the celebrity which the humorous Lieutenant achieved. But a few months since his mental powers failed him, and, as we have stated above, he ended his days in an insane asylum.'

It was the *San Diego Herald*, and not the *Los Angeles 'Star'*, in which JOHN PHENIX wrought such a distinct political change, during the absence of the editor. His account of the first interview with that irate editor, after his return, was one of the most laughable burlesques we ever read. It was the very quintessence of fun. We had, to a great degree, the supervision of the volume of 'SQUIBBS,' published by the APPLETONS, for which we furnished the introduction: and it will be found to include as much genuine humor as any volume of its size extant. Poor PHENIX! We never had the pleasure to meet him, save on one occasion, and then our interview (at our old publication-office, over the book-store of the Messrs. APPLETON, in Broadway) lasted scarcely half-an-hour: but it left upon our mind and memory a most favorable impression. His large clear blue eye shone with a light which was soon to be darkened by ophthalmic disease, while his frank, open countenance beamed with *gentlemanly* playfulness and good-humor. There was not a particle of the

struggling *witticist*, or imitative 'funny-man' about him. He was a man of genius. Peace to his quiet spirit! - - - From the address of the following letter, just at hand, we perceive that our ancient friend and correspondent, MEISTER KARL, has fortified himself in that well-known territory known as Staten Island. We believe this to be an important strategic move, and showing, too, great courage and self-possession at the present crisis. For, since New-York is to be captured, won't Staten Island come in for the first fire? MEISTER KARL is determined to be in the van. Hark! how he leads off. We call it a specimen of good shooting:

'New-Brighton, Staten Island.

'BELOVED NICK ERBOCKER: I heard a good one in Philadelphia the other day. Thou, too, shalt also hear it, O my beloved! for beautiful in the sanctum are the patent-leathers of him who bringeth the last best out.

'KOPPE HINKELHEIMER, of Allentaun, had read all the Reading *Adler*, (only think of an eagle, and no doubt a spread-eagle at that, being called an addler!)

'As I was going on to say, KOPPE had read all the Reading *Adler* had to say about the taking of Fort Sumter, and was sorely puzzled thereover. He consulted JIM SMITH, a smart young salesman 'in biz' in Second, above Callow-hill.

'You see, Mishter SHMIDT, fat I tont *vershteh* is dis goon-gannon pizniss. Dey fights unt dey fires more as a million gannon-palls all tay long at one anoder, unt py tam! dere vas nopody cot kilt some at all.'

'Ah! Mr. HINKELHEIMER, that's because you do n't keep up with the modern improvements. Modern improvements in war is got so far, Sir, that they expect very soon to have the very biggest pattern of an army fire all day at another, and never a man get killed, no not haf a man either. Glory without death — that's the scientific ticket.'

'KOPPE heaved a sigh as though some long-cherished dream had exploded.

'Vel, if dat's so, I'm fery sory for de Bennisylvania regimands. Dey moost all co home acain.'

'And why?'

'Vell, it kint of beshames me to say sooch dings of mine own beoples, boot de vact is, Mishter SHMIDT, dey'll all hafe to co pack. Dey're all more as one half a *dry feertel* or five quarters Dootch; unt de Dootch are so tam shtupid dat if dey kits to fitin mit goons, *dey'll pe sure to kill somepodies*. Dey'll nefer larn de new-vashioned style of fitin.'

'I meant to stop here — believe I won't. For, since the last, ST. LEGER hath rolled me over into Senator ROUSSEAU's 'good old Kentucky speech;' and verily I say unto you, that old JEAN JACQUES never beat the following. (Speaking, mind you, of a destruction of the Government.) Quoth Senator JOHNSON:

'It is already destroyed.'

'MR. ROUSSEAU: 'Not a bit of it. The Union will never be dissolved. I know you say it is, but believe me it will *never* be dissolved. We may have much suffering; we may endure many calamities. War, pestilence and famine may befall us; our own good old Kentucky may be overrun and trodden under foot, and her soil may be drenched in blood, but the Union will never, *never* be dissolved. I have never had a doubt on this subject, never. I know we must suffer, but we must preserve the Union. You, Mr. Senator from McCracken, are a sanguine man. You think the Union is destroyed. Well, you sometimes err. I believe you had a correspondence with 'Uncle ABE,' in which you committed a glaring error. But that was only a semi-official correspondence, and perhaps should not be alluded to here.'

'Senator JOHNSON, (good humoredly :) 'Oh! yes; tell.'

'Mr. ROUSSEAU: 'I thank you. Well, as one of the Senators of Kentucky, you made your most solemn protest against the stationing of troops at Cairo, Ill. The protest was very elegant, as is generally what comes from you — a little highfalutin it is true. You forwarded your protest to 'Uncle ABE,' and in due time received a reply, which was too good a joke for a good-natured gentleman like yourself to keep all to yourself, and so you disclosed it. Uncle ABE replied to you that your letter had been received, duly considered, and in reply, he had to say to you, (one of the Senators of Kentucky,) that if he had known that Cairo, Ill., was in your Senatorial District, *he would not have sent any soldiers within a hundred miles of that point.*'

'Perhaps you saw all this before, and then again, 'perhaps otherwise.' We had a larf over it here on the Island, (on the 'highland of New-Brighton, mark ye.) But I have still a solemn word, O brethren! having just observed in the *Southern Federal Union* of Milledgeville, Ga., the follerin':

'If the war goes on, the Southern people will not always remain on the defensive: and we will tell them a solemn truth, that New-York and Boston are as likely to be sacked before it closes as Charleston or Savannah.'

'Fine — very fine — but *who's to do it?* Even if the people here-a-ways 'sot still tell they tuck root,' 't would n't be easy. So a 'Northern serf' would answer in his blunt way. But mark the Southern shrewdness and fine-ness of a 'politicianizing editor.' Observe, he says (never mind the 'solemn truth,' that goes for no more good playing than 'a solemn old two' when you pocket your adversary's white ball) that New-York and Boston are *as likely* to be sacked as Charleston or Savannah. Now there's where I 'agaree' with him. Just about as likely, in MEISTER KARL SLOPER's opinion, that you should sack New-York as that we should sack Charleston. Do n't you see me? We're not of the sacking kind, we Northerns. Neither are we *louis ravissants* or wielders of firebrands, unless they be brands of Cabanas. The only sacking which we care to do with you, O Milledgevellian! is that of sherry-sack or *see* — 'dry sherry,' you know — for all of which our warriors will duly pay in gold dollars — only think! — or in Northern money at seventy-five per cent premium!

'And that is n't all — nother. Hold on, there's the ice-cream to come yet, as the Venerable Colonel SPROWLE remarked. For, in the same paper — I beg Mr. GEO. RIPLEY's pardon — in the same *newspaper*, or journal — occurreth the annexed, or 'next:

'ALL TO BE BUTCHERED. — The leading papers of the LINCOLN party at the North declare that the people of the South shall be butchered like dogs, and their property divided out among the soldiers who fight for LINCOLN. They threaten our wives and our little ones with the most inhuman butchery, and talk of setting fire to our dwellings and wiping us from the very face of the earth!'

'Deu tell!' Wipe you up, hey! Milledgevellian, you do n't rate yourself as highly or as bigly as we do; for while *you* think that a mere wiping would suffice to clean you out of sight, *we* are quite willing to treat you *en grand* and carry you out on a chip — 'with all the honors.'

'Then 'we' threaten your wives and papposes with *more* than butchery, yea, with the most inhuman butchery! (You *do* the superlative, O Milledgeville!) Common butchery is n't bad enough for you! As for the People, they are simply to be 'bootchered like dogs.'

'Now, I should like to know how dogs *are* butchered. Have seen the operation performed on oxen, sheep, calves, 'swines,' porcupines and possums, but nary dog. Do they split the animal from head to tail, as the Irishman did the calf, before skinning, an' thin pale it as ye ate it? Or do they follow the Abyssinian vivisection system of

butchery, taking a steak or a rib every once in a while — humane reader, I beg pardon — while the suffering beast is still 'on the hoof?'

'Or the Russian plan of the 'thousand slices?'

'Or the French, whereby they cut through the bone?'

'I should like to learn. I know 't is done, for all Pacific voyagers tell of canine-chops, and all comic almanacs of a certain second spaniel come to judgment who was detected in sausages by fractions of his dear little collar. But the inquiry has profited me somewhat, O Master ERBOCKER! — for it hath taught me what deep significance may rest in those words — *A butcher's TRAY!*

'And you're ALL to be butchered like dogs, or puppies, or other doomed canifiliated creatures; and 'the leading papers of the LINCOLN party' declare it! You could n't point out these papers — could you, MILLEDGEVILLE? Do n't happen to have a copy of any of them by you? Of course you *had* 'em — 'but consarn it! we fired 'em away for gun-wadding,' or Mrs. MILLEDGEVILLE tuck 'em to do up a tin of Scotch snuff and some dipping-sticks; or you reckon that you used 'em to wrap a lump of the *terra esculenta* or edible earth, said to be a great delicacy in your region? Any how, you have n't got 'em, and can't remember the names. Pity — we do n't remember 'em — either. Never saw any such declarations in any leading LINCOLN paper yet; and yet we read such *journals* pretty extensively.

'Good-by, MILLEDGEVILLE. You're a man of talent, and oh! *an't you* a man of ter-ruth! You'd do to pass goods through the Custom-House. If I hear of any body who wants any 'alley bis' done, we'll send you his card. We of New-Brighton, S. I., do n't call you mendacious, for we do n't believe there's any Mend in you — you're finished and perfect, one may say irreparable, not to be either paired or repaired — for the deuce could n't match you, and grace could n't mend you. *Addio* — da, da!

'Thine indeed,

MEISTER KARL.'

What says 'MILLEDGEVILLE?' - - - 'Who is the author of the lines, '*The Land of Rest*,' which I inclose to you?' inquires 'C. F.,' of Rockland. We are not certain: but we think we have seen them ascribed to the German of UHLAND: yet they are not embraced in LONGFELLOW's volume of German selections, nor yet that other exquisite effusion of the same tender poet, upon 'Autumn,' commencing:

'SWEET Sabbath of the year,
Thy evening lights decay,' etc.

However: from the numerous exquisite productions of UHLAND, it may have been difficult to select many, in so large a collection of German poets. But to 'The Land of Rest,' by whomsoever it may have been written:

'THERE is a Land where beauty will not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true hearts will not sink nor be dismayed,
And Love will never die.
Tell me, I fain would go,
For I am burdened with a heavy woe:
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender from my path have gone,
And I am weak and fainting with despair:
Where is it? Tell me, where?

'FRIEND, thou must trust to HIM who trod before
The lonely path of life:
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,
Sorrow and toil and strife.
Think how the SON of God
These thorny paths has trod:

Think how He longed to go,
 Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe :
 Think of his loneliness in places dim,
 When no man comforted nor cared for Him :
 Think how He prayed, unaided and alone,
 In that dread agony, 'Thy will be done !'
 Friend ! do not thou despair,
 CHRIST, in His heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer.'

WE commend the following to the eminent DR. TUMBLETY, 'Indian Herb-Doctor from Canada.' He knows how infallible *his own* remedies are for the cure of all manner of diseases. We can assure him that these are not less so. In prescribing them, it is not at all necessary that the practitioner should see the patient :

'If you've got the hiccups, punch one of your wrists, and hold your breath while you count sixty ; or get somebody to make you jump.

'When babies is troubled with worms, the leastest drop 'o gin give to 'em mornin's, fasting, will — kill 'em.

'A stick of brimstone wore in the pocket, is good for them as has cramps.

'A load-stone put on the place where the pain is, is beautiful for them as has the rheumatiz.

'If you got an ear-ache, put an ingen in your ear — after it is well roasted.'

We think these prescriptions will aid DR. TUMBLETY's 'practice : ' *if* so, we look to 'hear from him.' - - - 'PHILO-SABBATARI,' from the far Upper Lakes, sends us a gossippy 'screed,' which mingles sadly and yet pleasantly the past and the present. 'Speaking of chairs : ' the old arm-chair which *we* sit in, is one in which we have sat when 'at work,' ever since we began to edit the KNICKERBOCKER :

'You do not remember me? And no wonder. You have passed through a quarter of a century like *ÆNEAS*, seeing sights wonderful, and touching minds celestial of a whole continent, on earth, by sea, and up in the skies too ; and cannot be supposed to follow *your* friends wandering among the 'planets,' through 'spheres,' and into the vale of circumstantialities which beset us all in our journey through 'this vale of misery.' For instance, since you and I ceased to fish in the River 'O——,' and you drifted into the maelstrom of metropolitan life, I have continually watched your 'figure-head,' him with the Dutch pipe ; and wondered if those chair-legs crooked the more with time — and this through long, long years of wandering east, west, north and south ! Time, alas ! works many changes ; but none with *you*, in my 'mind's eye.' You are to be congratulated, my dear CLARK, that you have stood the shock of ages, in magazine literature, which rejoices in its sole claim to patronage in our day, that it has more novelties in store for its patrons. Think, too, of the worthies waiting you and me, in the golden fields which wave and shine beyond the grave and gate of death — the morning of the Resurrection ! Who have been embalmed beneath the covers of 'Old KNICK !'

'All this by way of bridging over a lapse of fifteen years, since you and I regaled ourselves with sweet reminiscences of the shores of the Hudson, as we lay 'in the light of the moon,' 'abaft the shaft' of the 'Swallow,' as she shot past the Palisades, now at 'DOBB's, Tarrytown, Sleepy Hollow, and VAN TASSEL's up to your own 'roost,' where a shake of the hand and a 'good night' parted us, to meet perhaps no more this side of Jordan ! Parted — you to go on inditing those pastorals of pleasant thoughts which bind such kindred minds as COZZENS, LELAND, and ELLIOTT, (alongside of whom I ciphered in my nonage,) with a host of others, (into whose embraces I would fain

come by a western anecdote now and then;) while I, your junior somewhat, turned monk for a while, under the auspices of the Poet at Riverside, and now and for some time am a preacher of the Word to the 'lost sheep of the house of Israel.' Rub your eye-glasses now, and furbish up your memories of the past, and begin to remember? Ah! well, I'm glad you do not forget me. And now for an initial anecdote.

'The *Raspberry Jam Business* is assuming importance in the Lake Superior country. In Chippewa county it seems the people devote their entire attention to the manufacture of jam. During the month of September, Chippewa, including Sugar-Island, Sault Village, and Indian Mission, turned out thirty-one thousand four hundred pounds of jam, which sold readily at fifteen, eighteen, and twenty cents a pound; the latter being perhaps rather a high figure. The picking and preserving is mostly done by Indian women, who are generally neat and industrious; whereas their husbands are lazy and drunken. One smart squaw, who owns a raspberry-plantation on Sugar-Island, has amassed several thousand dollars through the manufacture of jam.

'A 'goodlie companie' of preachers left the city of Chicago for the Superior country, and took this JAM region in their way, as a matter of course, to recuperate their jaded energies. Arriving at Sugar-Island, on a Sunday, several passengers of the late beautiful steamer 'Lady ELGIN' went on shore, and bought several jars of jam without any compunctious visitings of conscience. Now if Brother BANGAWAY has a weakness of the flesh, if childhood's habits cling to him, it is a marvellous fondness for 'that same raspberry jam!' But how to get it on a Sunday? A lucky idea strikes the preacher. 'I have it! I have it!' said he to himself. 'True, I joined 'the Sabbath movement' in Chicago, lately; but if I can get a *hand* on board to buy it for me, while he is looking out for himself, it will be all right.' Brother B — waited a good while in some anxiety for the rich treasure with which he was to surprise his better-half. The signal-bell had tolled its quick, then slow notes, warning all on shore that sudden departure was at hand; and yet no jam had come for the preacher, although the order was given and the money paid. Suddenly he takes himself ashore in search of the hand; and the jars being delayed, he seizes a couple in haste, and rushes for the plank, with arms distended by a weighty burden, but oh! how precious!

'Alas for human hopes and joys stored up for the future, when based on transgressing the moral law! how many delicious 'tea's would come of his precious charge, he thought, as he wended his way: but no sooner had the stalwart parson put his foot on the slippery plank leading to the gang-way, than he lost his balance; up flew his arms and legs before the whole crowd; and down went Brother BANGAWAY, Raspberry Jam and all, with a smash, among the tittering, laughing, and occasional shouting of the crowd.

'MORAL: Never buy jam on a Sunday.'

Good advice, for *one* man, at least. - - - 'G. F. F.,' of North Reading, (Mass.,) vouches for the truth of the following: 'I send you two notices of persons 'desiring prayers' in this place. They are copied from the original manuscripts:

'ONE of this congregation,
Under the operation
Of inoculation,
Desires prayers,' etc.

The ensuing is equally authentic. I have only changed the names, out of deference to the 'parties' sending the request:

'DICK and HARRY, bound to Barnstable,
Desire prayers as quick as possible!'

Sufficiently expressive, but the metre wants mending! - - - We are indebted to an esteemed friend and correspondent, whom our readers have learned to prize, and that highly, for the subjoined hasteful sketch of *A Visit to the Parents and the Grave of the Young Martyr Ellsworth*. It needs no words of ours to insure it instant and gratified perusal:

‘The Grave of Ellsworth.

‘Now our tones triumphant pour —
Let them pierce the hero's grave :
Life's tumultuous battle's o'er,
Oh ! how sweetly sleeps the brave !
From the grave their laurels rise,
High they bloom and flourish free :
Glory's temple is their tomb —
Death is IMMORTALITY !’

Beautiful lines of MONTGOMERY ! which seem to me ‘beautiful exceedingly’ at this moment. A wayfaring man for the night at the rural and quiet little village of Mechanicsville, the first object that attracted my attention early in the morning was the hoisting of the ‘Stars and Stripes’ on the brow of an opposite and neighboring hill. And there, equally plain to the eye, was a newly-made, heaped-up grave. There rests the youthful and brave ELLSWORTH.

‘At the foot of the hill-side, near by, is the cottage of his father and mother, surrounded by some lovely flowers and green shrubbery, more striking in their fragrance and beauties, from the freshness of a recent shower. Accompanied by an intelligent lady, an intimate friend of the parents, we made in the afternoon a visit to the afflicted home. It was a visit of not merely idle curiosity, but of Christian sympathy to the mourners in their deep affliction and bereavement.

‘We were cordially welcomed. On the wall hung his sword, belt and military cap, with his likeness ; and beneath, upon a side-table, his pocket BIBLE — a new volume, and bound in blue velvet. We are BIBLE readers ourselves, and upon opening the precious pages, its silken index pointed to the seventeenth chapter of St. JOHN, with a pencil × at its top — most remarkable words : ‘*These words spoke Jesus, and lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come ; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify Thee. . . . I have glorified Thee on the earth : I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. . . . And now I am no more in the world, and I come to Thee,*’ etc. etc. Remarkable words are these we again add. ‘I know not,’ said the mother, weeping, ‘where this BIBLE came from ; but that may have been the last chapter of God’s holy Word which ELMER ever read in this world !’ The fourteenth chapter was also marked : ‘*Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions,*’ etc.

‘Mysterious coincidence between these gracious divine promises and the sudden call of the youthful warrior to the Spirit Land ! So it seemed to our minds. Both parents were present during our visit, and dwelt with weeping fondness upon the excellences of their departed son. Among his exalted virtues was preëminent the affection and devotion to his parents. To this they fondly referred more than to any thing else. He was an illustrious example of this noble Christian trait, and one alas ! alas ! wanting in some children of our day.

‘The early religious training of young ELLSWORTH was received in the Sunday-school of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Mechanicsville, (N. Y.,) where his youthful, striking moral excellences are well remembered. He was emphatically a self-made man, not having the opportunities of an ordinary school education until twelve years of age. He possessed an ardent desire for improvement and self-cultivation. At first a clerk in Mechanicsville, then with JOHN STEWART, JR. AND COMPANY, of New-York City, he next emigrated to Chicago, and with partners, was unsuccessful in some mechanical

agency business. For some days, added those who knew him best, he was homeless and penniless, but even in these darkest hours, to use his own language, written at the moment to his parents, he had *faith* in God, that he would yet triumph. Triumph he did: his military talents were well known, and he received an offer of four dollars a night to drill a Zouave company at Chicago. This was followed by a similar proposition from the Governor of Illinois for another corps. Remarkable for zeal and efficiency as an officer and disciplinarian, his fame rapidly increased. He mastered the sword exercise also, and instructed others in the important art at ten dollars for seven lessons, four of which he would some days accomplish.

'ELLSWORTH became a hard student — acquiring the French and Spanish languages, especially, for a more complete knowledge of Foreign Zouave tactics, his favorite pursuit. He wrote and published a treatise on the subject. The mother exhibited a very small glass lamp to us, not larger than a common-sized egg. 'Preserve that little lamp,' was his language to her, 'for its light has done more for my success in life than any thing else.' By its pale beam he studied the foreign languages until he became acquainted with them. We examined with great interest this silent companion and index of his tedious, watchful midnight hours.

'His first company of Zouaves was formed at Chicago, in 1859, which soon became celebrated for their wonderful drill, and practical military feats. In the summer of 1860, they visited the Atlantic cities, and their whole journey was a public ovation; when Zouave companies sprang into existence throughout our land. Mr. LINCOLN, then a Presidential candidate, paid him marked attentions. After the election, Colonel ELLSWORTH was invited to be one of the President's escorts to Washington; and upon the commencement of the present war, he soon sought active service, forming the well-known Zouave Regiment, from the New-York Fire Department. Bold, brave, and daring men, the freedom and spirit of the Zouave drill exactly suited their taste. In two days, more than one thousand of this well-known class volunteered for the service, and were immediately accepted, soon marching for Washington. Since then there has been but one sentiment as to their importance and value.

'How sudden and unexpected his death! but war often loves a shining mark. What a most remarkable letter was the last he wrote to his fond parents from the headquarters, Camp LINCOLN, May 23d! We were permitted to read it:

'MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: . . . Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation, that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty. . . . I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who knoweth even the fall of a sparrow, will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me. My darling, ever-loved parents, good-by! God bless, protect, and care for you!
ELMER.'

'It was not our purpose especially to notice his great and striking military traits, but rather the social virtues of his heart; so strong, so characteristic, and so beautifully exhibited in his last filial lines written upon the earth. Devotion to his country; pious Christian resignation; faith in God; with tender, deep, heart-felt affection to his '*darling and ever-loved parents*,' may be considered his dying expressions. Young ELLSWORTH was a hero; a man of exemplary moral habits, and a model of temperance and integrity. He never, it is said, tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor, nor even smoked a cigar in his life. We were permitted to read the letter written to his bereaved parents, about a year ago, from Chicago, on the sudden death there, and the burial, of an only brother. Its perusal was a precious privilege; a copy of it, one still more so. For intense, soul-felt love to parents, submission to the mysterious ways of Providence, trust in God, with cheerful hopes of immortal and better life beyond the grave, we have never read more remarkable or cheering lines. Honored, beloved and remembered be that son whose heart could express such holy sentiments!

'Colonel ELLSWORTH was engaged to be married to Miss SPAFFORD, an excellent young lady of Rockford, Illinois. In the numerous visits to the stricken house of his parents, as may be expected, many desire *mementos* of the departed soldier; but at the request of the espoused, all such tender tokens are carefully preserved until she visits and fondly gazes upon them. Near his pocket-BIBLE were some evergreens, with faded flowers, which had been prepared for his coffin and dead body by *Mrs. Lincoln's hands*. A part of them had been beautifully and mournfully arranged and framed by our fair companion and guide to this house of mourning, and are intended as a present from the fallen hero's mother to the object of his affianced affections. Some of these striking emblems of life and of death, a gift to us, will be carefully preserved.

'From the dwelling, we visited the new-made grave of ELLSWORTH, in the beautiful rural cemetery of Mechanicsville, and near by, directly in the rear of his parents' garden. No spot could be better selected for the purpose. It lies on the top of a hill, affording a magnificent prospect of hills and valleys, winding streams, distant villages, forests and cultivated fields. Singular coincidence! Stillwater with '*Bemis Heights*,' toward the North, are in plain sight. What associations! A lofty pole and magnificent National Flag already marks the grave of Colonel ELLSWORTH. When it was elevated, at sunrise, a day or two ago, a single visitor, who was a stranger from North-Carolina, made his appearance, and requested that he might hoist the 'Stars and Stripes,' on this honored mount: his patriotic wish was granted, when he continued his journey toward his native State.

'It was now far toward evening, and one of summer's most delicious days; and strikingly so was this calm hour of the departing light. All was serene, quiet, and well calculated for serious thought. Not a cloud obscured the departing rays of the setting sun; and the trees, fields, meadows, and the newly heaped-up grave, all were bathed in the calm radiance of the dying day. But there will be another day of brightness after this one; and so will there be another, a more exalted, spiritual, and never-ending life for the pious brave who now lie in the silent tomb.

G. P. D.'

'June 12, 1861.

For ELLSWORTH, 'to die was gain.' - - - Mr. G. I. CRAWFORD, Principal of the Rockland Academy at Piermont, has, at the solicitation of numerous friends, opened a 'Department for Young Ladies,' in connection with the above. This department will be under the immediate care of Miss MICHELL, a lady who has devoted herself for many years to the instruction of youth, and one who by her amiable and Christian character, as well as long experience in this most important profession, is well calculated to train the youthful mind. Mr. CRAWFORD's school is very flourishing. - - - K. N. PEPPER, great as he is in his peculiar department of literature, must 'gin to pale his ineffectual fires' before a new luminary who has risen upon our horizon, and who thus apostrophizes JEFFERSON DAVIS:

'Oh! wonderful man,
Dare I hope my pen can
Do justice to such a grate feller as you?
Oh! wot kin I say,
Or wot can I do,
In a poetick manner to put you through?
Ah! where shall I look,
In wot history or book,
To find out your ekwal by hook, or by crook?
There was SEIZER an' GRACKUS,
PINCHUS PILOT an' BACKUS,
NAPOWLION, MARK ANTONY, BRUTEUS and BURR,
One an' all in their time made a stir;
There was ALLOVER CROMMELL, that knocked of the crown

From the head of a king. But to come later down,
 There's Loo NAWPOLION, a grate man indeed,
 But they 're nothin' to you, for they did n't secede.
 Ah! where kin I find out a match for you? Where!
 If I do n't hit it soon I'll give up in dispare.
 I have it — grate DAVIS, no fear of a libel
 In a kounterpart for you — his name's in the BIBLE.
 The first of seceders, I read it at skool,
 He was tired of serving, he wanted to rule;
 But history tells us what to him befell,
 He was kicked out of heaven and driven to — well,
 You kin see in the book,
 If you happen to look,
 The way that was taken his goose for to cook.
 Now between you and I,
 I've been told — it's no lie —
 By a man wot's deep lettered, a grate *rarry avis*,
 That LUCIFER's latin for JEFFERSON DAVIS!

'ZEKE BIGELOW?' Who knows? - - - The paper on '*American Art*,' in preceding pages, should have borne the name, as the writer, of Mrs. JULIA A. LAYTON. Being herself an artist, and until recently the accomplished art-critic of the 'Cosmopolitan Art Gallery,' she is well qualified to present the subject of present 'Art' to our readers. - - - HAVING, as we trust, in our last number, satisfied our Brooklyn correspondent that Mr. IRVING's estimate of BOSWELL is undeniably the true one, let us, in the present, (to make a befitting 'conclusion of the whole matter,') pass to a brief passage or two from a '*Lesson in Biography, or How to write the Life of one's Friend*,' which has always struck us as an admirable bit of satire. It purports to be an extract from the 'Life of Dr. Pozz, in ten volumes folio, written by JAMES BOZZ, Esq., who *flourished* with him near fifty years.' This parody was by ALEXANDER CHALMERS, and is the best of all the *jeux d'esprit* which BOSWELL's ambitious, gossipy book produced. It is not merely a good pleasantry, but is a fair criticism of some of the lighter portions of the work:

'We dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. We talked of books. I mentioned the 'History of Tommy Trip.' I said it was a great work.

'Pozz: 'Yes, Sir, it is a great work; but, Sir, it is a great work relatively; it was a great work to you when you was a little boy: but now, Sir, you are a great man, and TOMMY TRIP is a little boy.'

'I felt somewhat hurt at this comparison, and I believe he perceived it; for, as he was squeezing a lemon, he said: 'Never be affronted at a comparison. I have been compared to many things, but I never was affronted. No, Sir, if they would call *me* a dog, and *you* a canister tied to my tail, I would not be affronted.'

'*Cheered by this kind mention of me*, though in such a situation, I asked him what he thought of a friend of ours, who was always making comparisons.

'Pozz: 'Sir, that fellow has a simile for every thing but himself. I knew him when he kept a shop; he then made money, Sir, and now he makes comparisons. Sir, he would say that you and I were two figs stuck together; two figs in adhesion, Sir; and then he would laugh.'

'Bozz: 'But have not some great writers determined that *comparisons* are now and then *odious*?'

'Pozz: 'No, Sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious.'

'Next day I left town, and was absent for six weeks, three days, and seven hours,

as I find by a memorandum in my journal. In this time I had only one letter from him, which is as follows:

‘‘ TO JAMES BOZZ, ESQ.

‘‘ DEAR SIR: My bowels have been very bad. Pray buy me some *Turkey rhubarb*, and bring with you a copy of your ‘*Tour*.’

‘‘ Write to me soon, and write to me often. I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,
‘‘ SAM. POZZ.’

‘It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter like this, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind. On my return to town, we met again at the chop-house. We had much conversation to-day: his wit flashed like lightning; indeed, there is not one hour of my present life in which I do not profit by some of his valuable communications.

‘We talked of *wind*. I said I knew many persons much distressed with that complaint.

‘Pozz: ‘Yes, Sir, when confined, when pent up.’

‘I said I did not know that, but I questioned if the Romans ever knew it.

‘Pozz: ‘Yes, Sir, the Romans knew it.’

‘Bozz: ‘*Livy* does not mention it.’

‘Pozz: ‘No, Sir, *Livy* wrote history. *Livy* was not writing the *Life of a Friend*.’

But enough: let BOSWELL ‘slide:’ accompanied, in this instance, with a remark which we heard made the other evening by a friend, who is equally an admirer of GOLDSMITH and of IRVING: ‘There is no doubt that BOSWELL’s devotion to JOHNSON was after all mainly a selfish feeling. He was a satellite of the great literary planet, and fancied that in his own insignificant person he reflected his glory.’ - - - ‘PLEASANT VALLEY’ lies along the head of Crooked Lake, in Steuben County, in this State, surrounded by hills, some of which tower some twelve hundred feet above the deep and pure waters, which ameliorate the genial air. This locality has for many years been known as the favorite home of the vine; and vineyard-culture has been gradually extending in that locality, until it has reached its present advanced stage. Germans, regularly educated to the vine-dresser’s life, have flocked thither; and now, scores upon scores of acres, upon the fertile slopes, bear the rich clusters, where

— ‘breathing from the sweet south-west,
The sun-beams warm rejoice their rest.’

Near this spot, at Hammondsport, Steuben County, has been established the ‘*Pleasant Valley Wine Company*,’ a stock company, formed for the manufacture of wines, brandies, etc., and carrying on all branches of business connected therewith. Arched wine-vaults, of ample dimensions, improved steam-stills, and the most competent wine-makers, of long experience in the *Rheingau*, are among the accessories of this new association. The company have now on hand several thousand gallons of this native wine. That of which we tasted has all the flavor and aroma of the Rhine vintages: and its reasonable price, (from five to eight dollars per dozen,) the lover of temperance may well hope, will cause this delicious native beverage to supersede the villainous compounds which, under the name of ‘pure spirits,’ poison perhaps one half of the community. When we visit, as we hope to do in the autumn, ‘*Lake Home*,’ the beautiful rural villa and charming country-residence of our old friend, Mr. SAMUEL HALLETT, we shall ‘pay our respects’ to Pleasant Valley, pull some of the rare grape-clusters, and taste again, on the spot, the ‘wine of the vine benign’ expressed therefrom.